

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 797



MAR. 7, 1885

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



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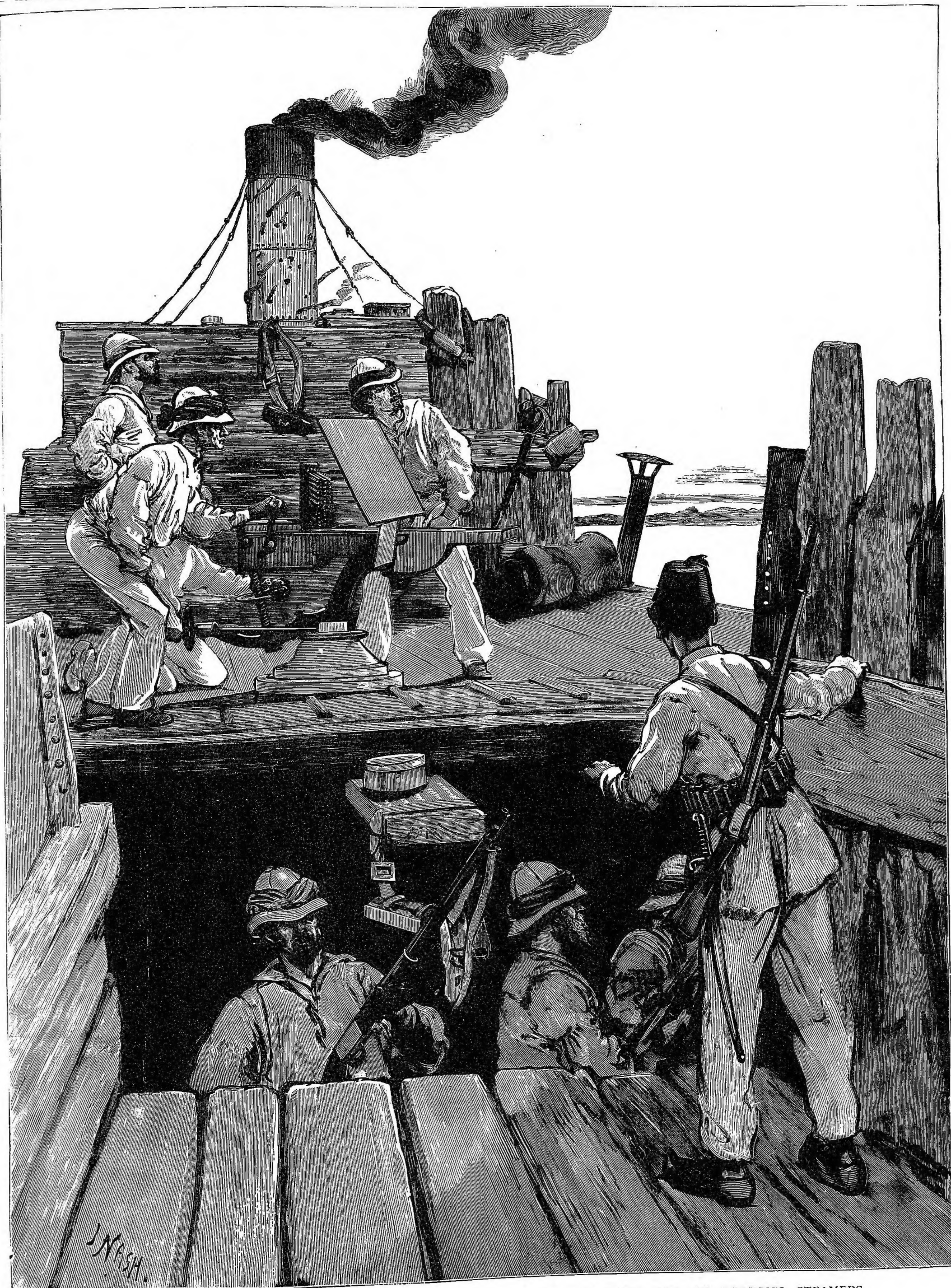
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ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1885

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT

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THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN—BLUE JACKETS FIRING ON THE REBELS FROM ONE OF GORDON'S STEAMERS
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS

Topics of the Week

THE COSSACK AND THE KEY.—It is most satisfactory to see that our commitments in Africa do not hide from either publicists or public the danger threatening India from the approach of Russia to Herat. Not that our rival has any immediate intention of attaching the key of India to her girdle. She has got within striking distance, but not within touch of the prize, and it is to gain this latter position that she is now manœuvring. The matter is a very simple one. There are two towns, named Pul-i-Khatun and Penjdeh, lying north of Herat, the former in the Heri-Rud Valley, and the latter on the Murghab. Both are places of immense strategical importance, though of little consequence in themselves, and both have always been considered to belong to Afghanistan. Indeed, an Afghan garrison is in Penjdeh at the present moment, if it has not been turned out to make room for the Cossack. These, then, are the places—together with all the territory lying south of them to the northern slopes of the Paropamisus—that the Czar has set covetous eyes on. Are they worth fighting for? Unquestionably, if Herat is. For whoever possesses Pul-i-Khatun and Penjdeh has the key of India virtually in his pocket. But there is more in the matter even than this. We are under a solemn engagement, often repeated, to defend the Ameer's territories against "unprovoked attack." He has given Russia no provocation whatever; she has undoubtedly seized a portion of his territories; if, therefore, we do not help him in his extremity, he will believe us to be afraid, and from that moment he will become the friend and ally of Russia. That is the danger which lies at the back of the complication—the throwing of Afghanistan into the arms of our rival. Were this to come to pass, Russia would soon swallow up the last independent Central Asian State, as she has swallowed up Khiva, Bokhara, and Merv, and then at last she would have gained her patiently-sought object of standing on the threshold of Hindostan, with all the hordes of the conquered Khanates ready to burst in and flood the land with carnage, after the manner of their forefathers.

PRINCE BISMARCK AND ENGLAND.—The speech addressed by Prince Bismarck to the Reichstag the other day was by no means pleasant reading for Englishmen. It displayed a spirit of bitter hostility to the British Government; and, unfortunately, it cannot be said that his dislike is wholly without justification. The Chancellor himself has committed mistakes in some of the negotiations on which he commented so freely; but his errors have been slight in comparison with those of Lord Granville and Lord Derby. When the present Government came into office, Prince Bismarck was well-disposed towards England, and by tact and prudence his friendship might easily have been retained. Lord Granville and Lord Derby, however, contrived to convey the impression that England was jealous of his colonial aspirations; and so, as he has elaborately explained, he had no alternative but to look about for new and more trustworthy allies. No one supposes that England and Germany are likely to come into direct conflict in consequence of the misunderstandings which have arisen. The vital interests of the two countries do not in any way conflict; and it would be monstrous if the word "war" were ever to be seriously uttered in connection with petty disputes about the Cameroons, or even about the northern coast of New Guinea. But for the present we cannot expect to receive Prince Bismarck's help in any measures which may be proposed for the settlement of our difficulties in Egypt. At one time he was willing that Egypt should be governed by English officials on condition that we recognised the Sultan's rights; and even if we had wished to annex the country he would have done nothing to prevent us, since it seemed to him that "the future fate of Egypt was of less importance to Germany than friendship with England." Now he will support France rather than Great Britain; and that is unquestionably one of the most formidable of the many troubles which have been created for us by a feeble and illogical foreign policy.

THE CONGO REGION.—The European invasion of "the Dark Continent" is one of the most prominent phenomena of the present epoch. As regards the interest of the dusky inhabitants of those regions the advantages may hereafter be great, but at present they are rather problematical. Thus far, at all events, the African annexation-fever has brought bloodshed to the natives, and caused ill-feeling among the rival European Powers. In proof of this assertion it is enough to repeat the names Tunis, Egypt, Cameroons, and the Soudan. Are we too sanguine in hoping that the Congo region may prove a bright exception? It is much that the question as to which European nation should predominate has been amicably settled by the setting up of an International State, under the protectorate of the King of the Belgians. If Mr. Stanley's glowing predictions should prove true, at the very least an important field of commercial adventure has been opened to the enterprise of the civilised world. All the elements of probable success appear to be present. There is a noble river, the only break in the navigability of which will shortly be obviated by the construction of a

railway; there is a fertile region three times as large as France; and there is a population of 30,000,000 persons, whom it would be libellous to call savages, inasmuch as they are industrious and energetic, and fully alive to the advantages of commerce. All this sounds satisfactory enough to those who value such acquisitions merely for the new markets which they afford. But there is much more in the matter than this. The International Association are assuming a vast responsibility in undertaking the government of multitudes of men of alien creed and lineage. If, with the best intentions, they should fail, and discontent should arise, then we may have a repetition of the old dismal incidents, the white man fighting the black man, the excuse being that such coercion is all for the good of the black man, if he could only be brought to see it. Should such events occur, it will be a matter of regret that the sleepy, but by no means inefficient, suzerainty of the Portuguese was ever invaded. It is greatly to their credit that, during several centuries of occupation, they have managed to get on comfortably with the children of the soil.

THE SOUDAN MUDDLE.—Military science is producing a remarkable situation in the Soudan. While we are sending out a large force to operate against Berber from the eastward, we are retiring another force of about equal magnitude from that place to the westward. Again, General Graham goes to Suakim avowedly to help Lord Wolseley, but, with the coyness of a maiden in the presence of a too ardent suitor, the latter draws back as the former advances. Even more curious is it to remember that while we are doing absolutely nothing to rescue the remains of the garrison of Kassala, we are about to do a great deal to protect the garrison of Suakim, which can well protect itself. But although the situation presents these anomalies, everything is being done in accordance with the rules of war. General Buller retired from Abu Klea, and again from Gakdul, because his remaining at either place could not possibly do any good, and might very possibly produce a great deal of evil. When that line of advance was thus given up, the *raison d'être* of General Brackenbury's ascent of the Nile vanished. He has accordingly received orders to return to Merawi, and so the whole force gets back to the ground it held at the beginning of January. There, or thereabouts, the troops will probably remain until the autumn, protected in their front by the Bayuda desert, and in a position to prevent the Arabs from approaching Egypt Proper. All this may be "understood of the vulgar." But what neither the vulgar nor the genteel can understand is why we should be sending 8,000 or 9,000 men to the Eastern Soudan if they are not to be employed before August. Osman Digma will either stand or fall back into the hills. If he stands, our force will, of course, make short work of him for the time being. But should we then suspend operations for several months he will become as strong as ever, and we shall have to do the crushing business all over again. On the other hand, should he fall back, it will be impossible to attempt a pursuit at this season of the year without running the gravest risks. So long as Lord Wolseley held a position where he could co-operate with a force coming from Suakim in an attack on Berber, there was some sense in hurrying forward our new expedition. But the retirement of Generals Buller and Brackenbury has changed the whole complexion of affairs, and we must confess our inability to see either rhyme or reason in sending English soldiers to the Red Sea littoral at this season of the year, when there is apparently no chance of their employment for several months.

PARLIAMENT AND THE SEATS BILL.—On Tuesday evening Mr. Courtney delivered a very good speech in support of Proportional Representation. He was especially happy in his effort to show what are likely to be the effects of the Seats Bill in its present form in Ireland. The rejection of his scheme was, however, a foregone conclusion. The agitation for Proportional Representation has excited little interest in the country; and even if it had been regarded with more favour, Parliament would not have been disposed to interfere with the compromise arrived at by the leaders of the two great political parties. The Seats Bill will, no doubt, be to some extent modified; but it is now certain that in substance it will not be changed. And most politicians seem to be of opinion that, on the whole, it is as good a settlement as could have been devised. It will give minorities a better chance of representation than they have ever had before; it will probably diminish the influence of the caucus; and there is no evidence that it will tend to prevent eminent men from offering their services to the constituencies. In this instance the results of a little friendly talk between the Liberal and the Conservative chiefs have been so good that it may be hoped experiments of the same kind will be made in the treatment of other questions. Some party politicians, indeed, contend that the independence of Parliament is diminished by such agreements; but it is not very easy to understand this objection, since private members may, if they please, vote against the decisions of their leaders. There are many questions about which Conservatives and Liberals do not really differ very widely from one another. Why should not these "problems" be solved rather by peaceful negotiation than by prolonged and bitter debates? The proceedings of Parliament might be rendered less lively by the new plan, but they would also be rendered very much more useful.

"THREE CHEERS FOR THE MAHDI!"—The sentiment embodied in this terse formula has been more than once expressed both by speakers and listeners at Irish Nationalist gatherings. There is something comic about it, but at the same time it indicates the dislike with which the British connexion is regarded by many Irish peasants and artisans. This dislike is none the less serious because it has been artificially fostered by platform declaimers and incendiary news-sheets. The Mahdi is cheered simply because he is "agin the Government." Otherwise he would be yelled at, for Irishmen hate "niggers," and Roman Catholicism is especially antipathetic to the faith of Islam. There is some talk of an Irish-American brigade being formed to assist the Soudan Prophet. We only hope the idea may be carried into execution. The United States will be well rid of some very troublesome citizens; while our troops will have a foe against whom they can fight with a clear conscience, which is more than can be said of the so-called "rebels" whom, under the guidance of the pious Gladstone, we have hitherto been slaughtering. But while the Mahdi gets his three cheers over and over again, the Prince of Wales seems likely to be coldly received by the classes whom he wishes to influence. The scene reported at the recent meeting of the Dublin Corporation does not promise well, and it would do more harm than good if the Prince's visit were to become the signal for open discord between Nationalists and Loyalists. As we have often said before, what Ireland really wants is a logical system of Government. At present we stumble between the two stools of despotism and licence. The military garrison and the Crimes Acts are tokens of despotism; the unrestrained press, the right of public meeting, and the Parliamentary representation, are tokens of liberty. No wonder that, with such an anomalous arrangement, there is constant friction; nor will the advent of Royal visitors, however gracious and affable they may be, solve the problem.

THE TERRITORIAL SYSTEM.—There is good in all things, even in the Soudan War. Thanks to it, it seems permissible to hope that our highly-improved military system will be at last got into working order. According to the theory of the "territorial" principle, each regiment is composed of two Line battalions and one or more Militia battalions, the whole taking its name from some town, district, or county. One Line battalion being abroad, the other acts as its feeder; but if both of these are on foreign service, the affiliated Militia corps should be embodied, to act as feeder. Such is the theory; but in practice it has become quite common, in cases of emergency, to send both Line battalions on active service, without providing them with any feeder. The necessary consequence is, of course, that the greatest difficulty has often been experienced in filling gaps in the ranks with trained soldiers. In short, the whole system became thrown out of gear, with a corresponding loss of efficiency. This is at last recognised, and the present embodiment of several Militia regiments marks a new departure which, we trust, will be adhered to for the future. But to make the system work properly, the constitutional force should be maintained at full regulation strength. At present it is short by about a third, and as both the Home and Indian establishments are also below strength, the country does not possess, by many thousands of men, the army which is shown in the national muster-roll. In itself the territorial idea is a sound one, but it requires to be carried out in the spirit of those who first started it. Their notion was to give each sufficient centre of population its own regiment, so that when a recruit joined he would find himself among old neighbours and friends. But there is a tendency, under stress of circumstances, to induce men to enlist in other regiments than those to which they properly belong, and territoriality thus becomes a mere sham, going very little further than the regimental title.

EGYPT, THE SOUDAN, AND THE GOVERNMENT.—It is generally admitted that the Cabinet acted wisely in deciding to retain office after the defeat, by a small majority, of the proposed Vote of Censure in the House of Commons. Had the Conservatives come in, they would not have been strong enough to carry on the Government in the present condition of parties; and an appeal to the existing constituencies would have been practically impossible. Now that the Ministry have obtained a new lease of life, it may be hoped that they will begin to display a little more decision and courage than they have hitherto manifested. The debate showed clearly what the country had been thinking about them. It was brought out distinctly that they had offended all parties, and that they can hope to regain the confidence of the nation only by adopting an intelligible policy, and by carrying it out with vigour. In Lord Hartington's speech there were unmistakable signs that he and at least some of his colleagues thoroughly understood the necessity of a change in the direction indicated by Mr. Goschen and Mr. Forster. Lord Hartington, indeed, declined to say in precise terms what would be done after the conclusion of the war in the Soudan; but he repudiated the notion that England would run away without doing what she could to secure for the Soudanese a settled form of government. More than this it would be unreasonable to demand at the present stage; and if the Government act in the spirit in which Lord Hartington spoke, there can be little doubt that they will be able to effect a tolerably satisfactory settlement. In the immediate future the attention of the country is likely

to be directed rather to its difficulties in Egypt Proper than to those in the Soudan; for, unless the Mahdi attacks our troops, military operations will not be resumed until the autumn. Unfortunately, so many mistakes have been committed that we can hardly expect at this late date to secure a perfectly good position in Egypt Proper. The principle of a Multiple Control may not have been formally conceded; but it is to be feared that in their agreement with France the Government have retained only the appearance of undivided responsibility.

A NEW CHINESE LOAN.—Times are bad just now for investors, and it is hard to get much more than four per cent. on reasonably good security. It is possible, therefore, that this loan, which is only for a small amount (1,500,000*l.*), may be taken up with some eagerness, as it promises seven per cent. with a subscription price of ninety-eight. On the favourable side it may be alleged that China, the most populous country in the world, has at present a very insignificant Public Debt, and that the Customs' duties, which are collected by European agents, are pledged as security for the payment of these obligations. On the other hand, there is the ugly fact that China is at war with a first-class Power. Now, if that Power chose to put forth something approaching to its full strength, the contest might seriously cripple the resources of China, and perhaps provoke a revolt against the Manchu dynasty exceeding in extent and importance the Taiping rebellion. We simply put forth the *pros* and *cons*. Investors know, or ought to know, that when in these days people can't borrow under 7 per cent., it means that the security is somewhat hazardous. Looking at the loan from the Chinese point of view, its wisdom is doubtful. "He that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing," especially when the lenders are foreigners. Let the Chinese look at Egypt. All the European meddling in Egypt is due to the fact that Egypt owes money to certain persons in Europe. We can but express the hope that this country will henceforward have the sense to abstain from interfering in the domestic concerns of any other country, however plausibly bondholders may invoke their assistance.

POLICE HEROISM.—Among the tribe of catch-penny satirists it is considered a fine stroke of humour to represent the British policeman as everything that is contemptible. He is pictured as a glutton, a cupboard lover, a monster of mendacity, and, above all, as a poltroon—always running away when danger appears. This last trait certainly does not agree with recent police doings. Scarcely a week passes without some instance of police heroism which, in the case of a soldier, would have probably been rewarded with the Victoria Cross. This week two instances have been chronicled by the papers. At Birmingham, a policeman tackled some person or persons engaged in a robbery, and, after a desperate struggle, had his skull battered in and died on the spot. Here in London, a detective, seeing a burglar escaping over the roof of a railway goods station, at once started in pursuit, and had nearly caught the fugitive, when a skylight gave way, and the pursuer falling through, had the life driven out of him on the hard pavement beneath. There was nothing very sensational, it will be seen, in either case; the men merely did their duty. That is true; but they did it without having a Nelson to remind them of what their country expected from them. It would have been so easy to turn aside for a minute or two. No one would know, and, "after all," it would be pleasanter to have a whole skin than a broken one. Whether any thoughts of this sort occur to policemen when brought face to face with the requirements of duty we cannot tell. At all events, the two brave fellows who have just died did not hesitate a moment, but answered the call of their consciences, and died nobly for their salt. In presence of such heroism as this, the time would seem to have come for giving up cheap satire about the force. It was always rather stupid, smacking strongly of pantomime humour, but it has become so exceedingly pointless of late that we trust the wittlings will soon find a fresh butt. Why don't they shoot their arrows at the bold burglar? As a rule, he is a far greater poltroon than his natural enemy.

ENGLAND AND THE INTELLIGENT FOREIGNER.—During the last few weeks our old friend, the intelligent foreigner, has been telling us with much frankness what he thinks of our prospects. On the whole, he is of opinion that England is decidedly in a bad way; and he has even gone so far as to hint that her Empire is breaking up. It cannot be denied that the blunders of Mr. Gladstone's Government have given the intelligent foreigner some excuse for this dismal view; but, after all, we are not perhaps quite so near absolute ruin as some Frenchmen and Germans would like to believe. The truth is that we have for some time been passing through a transitional stage of our history. In the great days when England most strongly impressed the imagination of other countries, she was governed by an aristocracy, which always displayed a resolute determination to uphold what it conceived to be the national honour. Then came the turn of the middle classes, which, so far as foreign affairs were concerned, maintained almost intact the traditions of their predecessors. Now supremacy is being assumed by the democracy; and as yet the democracy can hardly be said to have devoted its attention seriously to questions of foreign policy. Events, however, will compel it to give the subject adequate consideration; and there is no reason to doubt that, when it

does so, it will be as firm as the middle classes and the aristocracy have ever been, although its aims may not be quite the same as theirs. In the mean time there are several circumstances which might suggest a doubt to our foreign critics whether their conclusions have been based on a sufficiently wide induction. One of these circumstances is that the Colonies have never been so anxious as they are now to associate themselves with the Mother Country in her troubles, and that even the native Princes of India are begging to be allowed to take part in the expedition to Suakim. Such facts as these can hardly be taken as indications of the decline of the British Empire.

THE BLENHEIM PICTURES.—If a visitor from these islands pays a visit to a public gallery of pictures in any Continental town, he will find that the great majority of them have been painted by native artists. This is not the case with our so-called National picture show in Trafalgar Square. But for the liberality of private donors, our Gallery would be National only in name. The officials who have been entrusted from time to time with the duty and privilege of adding to this National collection, seem uniformly to have laboured under the belief that, because a couple of centuries ago England was undoubtedly very much behind other civilised nations in the art of painting, she has never since made up her leeway. And till lately we did not even trust an Englishman to make these purchases for us. We used to employ a German, Dr. Waagen, who, of course, was totally unaware that from the time of Hogarth and Reynolds onwards this benighted island has produced some hundreds of excellent painters of genuine home growth. Why are not some of the works of these persons purchased for the National collection, as is the case in all foreign countries? Well, the fact is—this is uttered in the strictest confidence—John Bull cannot afford it. It is not merely that he is sinking a great deal of money, which he will never see again, in the sands of the Soudan; it is that he wants all he can get granted by Parliament for buying some pictures in another quarter. There is a highly estimable nobleman called the Duke of Marlborough, and in his mansion at Blenheim he has some valuable ancestral pictures. He offered a batch of twelve of them to the National Gallery officials for the ridiculously small sum of 400,000 guineas. The officials hummed and hawed over this proposal, but they ultimately (subject to the sanction of Parliament) agreed to pay 70,000*l.* for the "Ansidei" Raphael, and 17,500*l.* for an equestrian portrait of Charles I. by Vandyck. Let us abandon our tone of banter, and say at once that this is an act of monstrous waste. Surely the National Gallery has already got Holy Families and Old Masters enough and to spare. The money comes out of the public pocket, and should be spent so as to conduce to the public pleasure. For far less than 85,000*l.* an excellent collection of modern English pictures could be got together, which would give genuine delight to multitudes of visitors. Parliament should refuse to sanction this shameful malversation of the funds which are wrung from us by a heavy burden of taxation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The Editor will endeavour, as far as lies in his power, to return to the senders, or to any address which they may indicate, all Sketches, whether used for purposes of illustration or not, and all rejected MSS. (for the transmission of these latter postage stamps must be enclosed); but at the same time he wishes it to be clearly understood that, although every possible care will be taken of such Sketches or MSS., he declines to accept any responsibility in the event of their being mislaid or lost.



PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager. EVERY EVENING at 8.30 *JUNIOR*; or, *THE HOUSE-HOLD GODS*, a Five-Act Play, by the late Lord Lytton, produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Characters by Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Dewhurst, Speakman, Doone, Cooper, Hudson, Fulton, Evans, Burleigh, Besley, Gould, De Solla, Burnage, Foss, Elliott, &c., and E. S. Willard; Mesdames Eastlake, Dickens, &c., and Mr. Leighton. Preceded, at 7.30, by a New One-Act Play, by Brandon Thomas, entitled *THE COLOUR SERGEANT*, in which Mr. George Barrett, &c., will appear. Box Office 5.30 till 5.0. No fees. Prices—Private Boxes, One to Nine Guineas; Stalls, 10*s.*; Dress Circle, 6*s.*; Upper Circle, 3*s.*—Business Manager, Mr. J. H. COBBE.—Matinees of "JUNIOR," this day (Saturday) March 7th, and Saturday, March 21st.

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(By Order.) **J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.**

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, showing the BRITISH POSITION in the GORGE of ABU KLEA after the BATTLE, JAN. 17, from a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. F. Villiers.



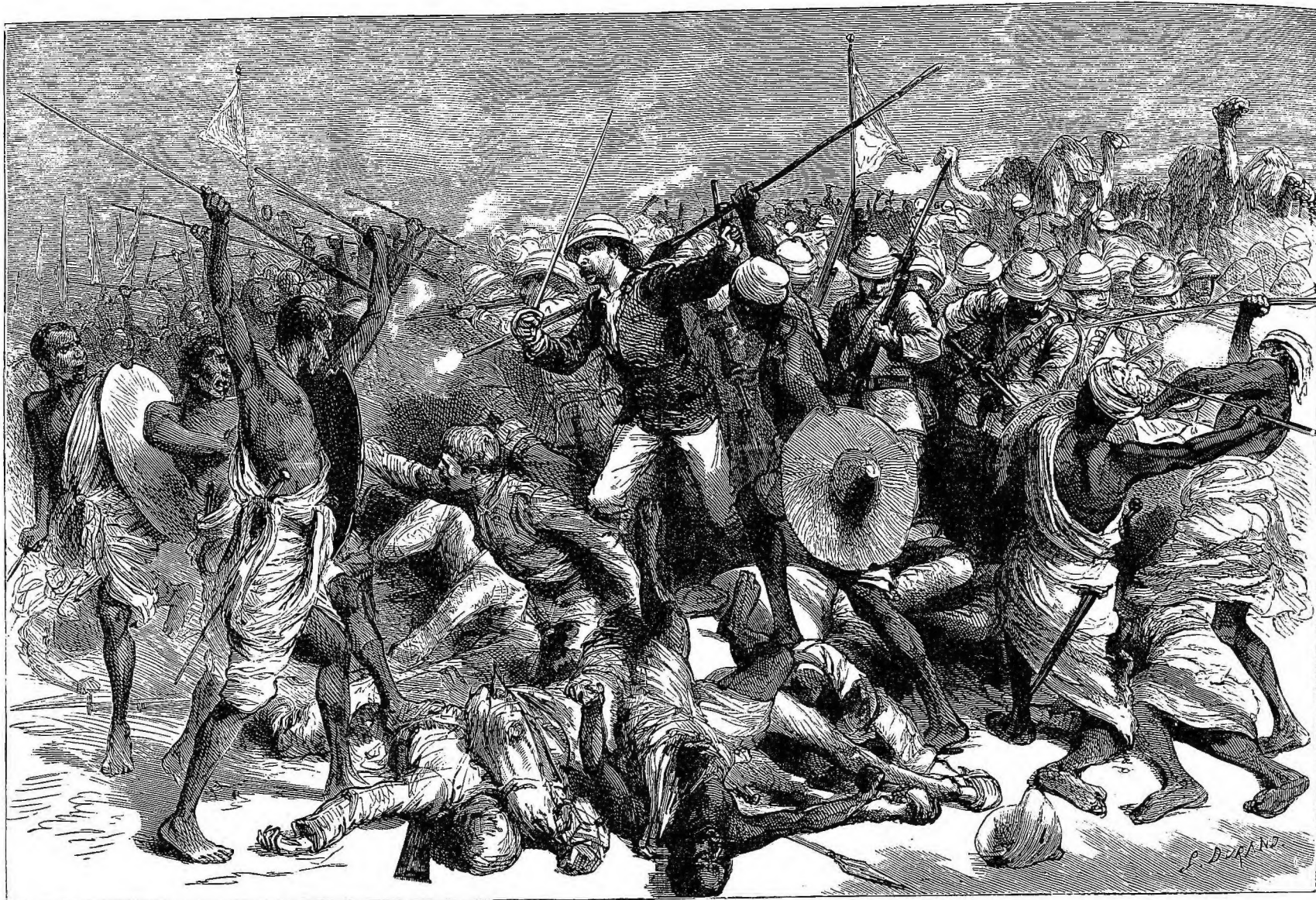
THE WAR IN EGYPT

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD WITH GORDON'S STEAMERS ON THE NILE

ON the arrival at Gubat, on January 21st, of the four steamers sent down the Nile to meet our troops by General Gordon, they were at once taken possession of by Lord Charles Beresford. This energetic officer lost no time in placing Blue-jackets on board, and on January 23rd steamed off to Shendi, where, as our artist shows, he gave the rebels a taste of the Gardner guns. The firing, however, appears to have produced but little effect save the reduction of a few houses to ruins—the most important incident being the capture of three of the rebels' boats. Another sketch shows Lord Charles Beresford directing a cattle raid from a camp bedstead on the deck, where he was lying suffering from an ulcer in his leg.

THE BATTLE OF ABU KLEA, JANUARY 17

LAST week we gave a description of this gallant action, and now illustrate the appearance of the field just after the battle. More detailed accounts of the affair are coming to hand, and a stirring account of the battle has been written by the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent. It may be remarked that a zeriba had been constructed in the Wady, in which the troops had passed the night, and at 7 A.M. on January 17th General Stewart ordered a fighting square to be got ready. In order to strengthen the zeriba also the saddles were taken off the camels, and with the commissariat boxes were utilised as impromptu fortifications, in which were over fifty sick and some twenty wounded. Major Gern of the Sussex Regiment was left behind in command. Only a hundred camels were taken with the square, which moved off at 7.35. A small detachment of ninety hussars under Colonel Barrow were sent out on the left flank. The square was only two and not four men deep. It is calculated that the opposing enemy numbered 10,000 men. "There was no avenue of retreat, it was now to do or die." A hail of bullets was poured into the square during the advance, and after about two hours' march the enemy were noticed preparing to charge. On they came slowly, and then more rapidly, driving the skirmishers before them, and then came the final, almost irresistible rush on the left rear corner of the square. At that critical moment the Gardner gun which had been brought to bear upon the enemy became jammed and useless, and the Heavies being thrown into confusion, the Arab horde poured into the square. "There," we are told, "death and havoc reigned for two or three minutes." So great was the danger that the



THE DEATH OF COLONEL BURNABY AT THE BATTLE OF ABU KLEA WELLS, JAN. 17

"Despite the great efforts of Colonel Burnaby, Captain Verner, and others, the Heavies were being massacred, when Burnaby fell with two wounds in the head. . . . When he fell his head was raised by Private Wood of the Grenadier Guards. This good fellow, seeing the case was hopeless, said, 'Oh, Colonel, I fear I can say no more than God bless you.' The dying man, his life-blood running out in a stream from his jugular vein, opened his eyes, smiled, gave a gentle pressure of the hand, and passed away, having tempted fate once too often."—*Daily Chronicle*.

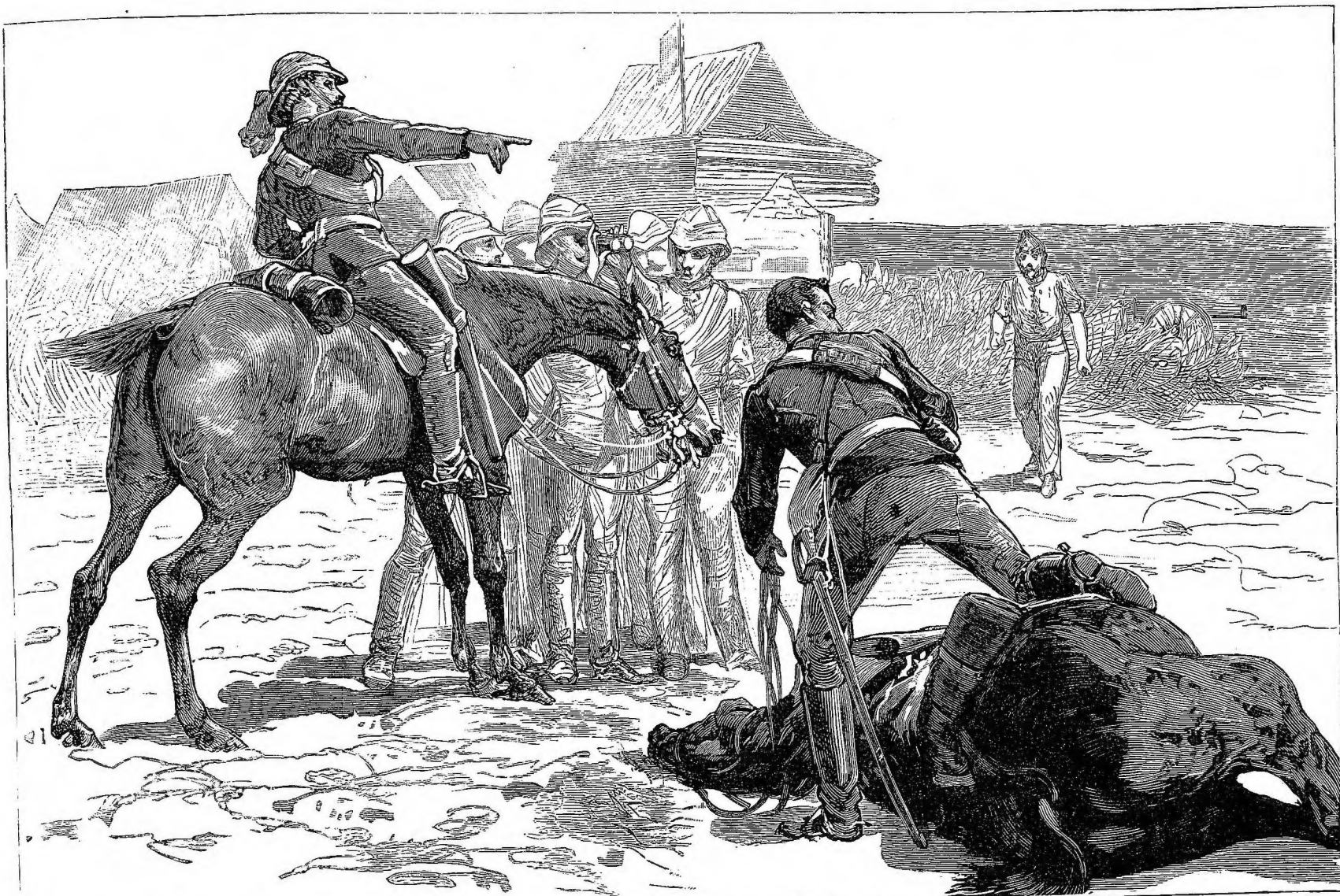
Colonel Boscawen Lord Airlie
(In Command of the Square)



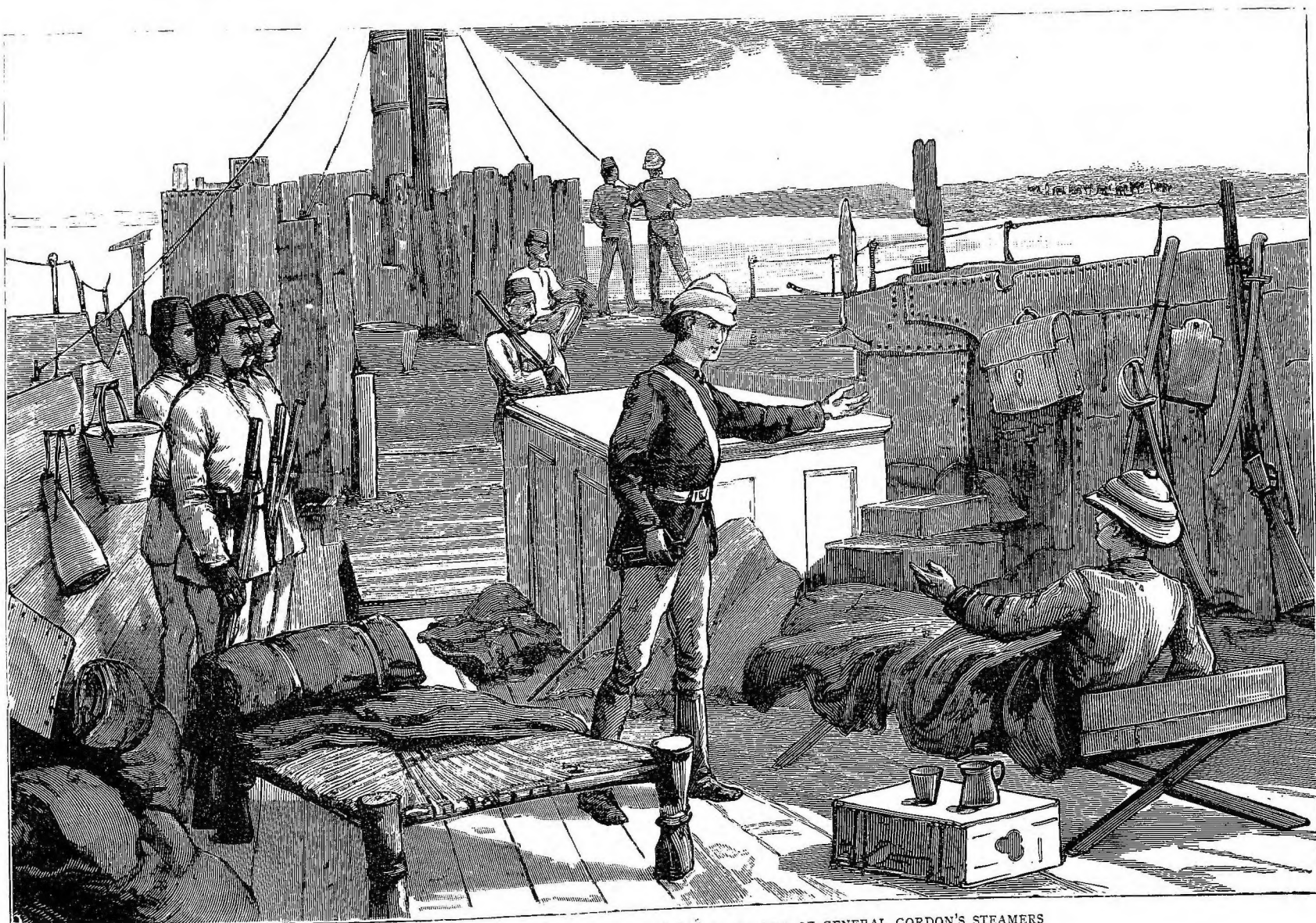
THE BATTLE OF GUBAT, JAN. 19

"Steadily the square descended into the valley. Gaps were made in our force by the enemy's fire. As man after man staggered and fell, these gaps were doggedly closed; and without quickening the pace by one beat onward our soldiers went. All were resolved to sell their lives dearly. Every now and then the square would halt, and the men would lie down, firing at their foes hidden in the valley."—*Daily Telegraph*.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



TWO TROOPERS OF THE 19TH HUSSARS BRINGING TO SUAKIM THE NEWS THAT A RECONNOITRING FORCE HAD BEEN CUT OFF BY THE ENEMY, FEB. 3
From a Sketch by a Military Officer



LORD CHARLES BERESFORD DIRECTING A CATTLE RAID FROM ONE OF GENERAL GORDON'S STEAMERS
From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. F. Villiers.

"Lord Charles Beresford, suffering from ulcers in his leg, directed cattle raids on the river bank from a camp bedstead placed on the deck of one of the steamers."—Our Special Artist.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN

Guards and Mounted Infantry were ordered to fight back to back to sell their lives as dearly as they could. The Guards and right flank, after retreating for some distance, turned, and delivered such a withering fire that the enemy wavered, and in five minutes more there was not a live Arab within three hundred yards. Parting volley after volley were fired at the retreating enemy, who divided into three streams, one making off in the direction of Berber, another towards Metemmeh, and a third towards Khartoum. Detachments of men were then told off to pick up the wounded and take them into the zeriba, the square was reformed, and advanced upon the wells of Abu Klea, which were reached that evening. As after the battles of Teb and Tamai, the wounded Arabs refused to surrender, and our men had to exercise the greatest caution in order to avoid being suddenly stabbed or speared by an Arab feigning death in order to get a chance of killing one more infidel. The general opinion on this action is well expressed in the remark of the *Daily Chronicle* correspondent, who writes: "To tell the truth, we narrowly escaped a very great disaster, which has been mainly averted by the steadiness of the detachments of the three regiments of Guards." He attributes the breaking of the square to the imprudent ardour of the Heavies, "who, instead of remaining steady as infantry would have done, followed their cavalry instincts, and rushed out to meet the ghazis, who came on at great speed, brandishing spears, hurling javelins, and wielding huge double-handed swords." "After the repulse of the enemy," continues the correspondent, "fully 500 bodies lay on the scene—rider and horse, and camel and foot soldier, friend and foe—in one red ruin blent. Had water been as plentiful as blood, the force would not have suffered the untold agonies of thirst. But no water was to be had. The moans of the wounded for water were piteous in the extreme, and there was hardly a drop to give them."

THE DEATH OF COLONEL BURNABY

It was in the terrible *melee* in the left rear corner that Colonel Fred Burnaby lost his life, a spear-thrust severing his jugular vein. The Colonel, the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent tells us, had ridden out to assist two or three of the skirmishers, who were running in hard pressed. He went to their assistance sword in hand, riding on a borrowed horse, his own having been shot down that morning. A sheikh first charged him on horseback, but was shot down. The enemy's spearmen were close behind, and one of them suddenly dashed at Colonel Burnaby, poisoning the spear at his throat. Burnaby parried the thrust, but was speared in the shoulder by another Arab. It was only a slight wound, but it caused Burnaby to look round, and gave his first antagonist the opportunity to deliver his spear-point full in the brave officer's throat. The blow drove Burnaby out of his saddle, but it required a second one before he let go his grip of the reins and tumbled upon the ground. "Half-a-dozen Arabs were now about him. With the blood gushing in streams from his gashed throat, the dauntless guardsman leapt to his feet sword in hand, and slashed at the ferocious group. They were the wild strokes of a proud brave man dying hard, and he was quickly overborne and left helpless and dying." Eight other officers were also killed—Majors Atherton, Carmichael, and Gough, Captain Darley, Lieutenants Law and Wolfe, and Lieutenants Pigott and De Lisle, of the Naval Brigade. Nine officers were also wounded, two of whom, Lord St. Vincent and Lieutenant Guthrie, have since died. Sixty-five non-commissioned officers and men were killed, and eighty-five wounded. General Stewart also had his horse shot under him, and his orderly killed by his side. Many camels were speared in the square, the interior of which, wrote an eye-witness, "presented a mass of falling camels and struggling Arabs and soldiers; the whole being filled also with a dense smoke and dust, while shots and sword-strokes were the replies to the Arab spear-thrusts."

THE BATTLE OF GUBAT

The Battle of Gubat was illustrated from our artist's sketches and fully described in our columns last week. He informs us that he was the only correspondent who advanced with Sir C. Wilson's square from the zeriba to the Nile on January 19th. His present sketch represents the square just before the charge of the enemy, when the troops were firing upon the advanced line of skirmishers. In the foreground may be seen Colonel Boscawen, to whom Sir Charles Wilson had handed over the command of the square during the action.

WATER AT LAST

This sketch shows the arrival of Sir Charles Wilson's little force at the Nile after the Battle of Gubat, when the enemy so determinedly endeavoured to prevent our troops from passing the intervening gravel ridge which lay between the zeriba and the river. After the charge had been so definitively repulsed, however, no further opposition appears to have been offered, and the column marched forward over the rising ground, and reached the Nile about sundown. There the troops at once bivouacked, and though at first fired at by some of the enemy's sharpshooters, they soon dispersed them by some well-directed volleys; and having improved the arrangement of their temporary fortification, made snug for the night, which was passed without further incident. Mr. Villiers writes from Abu Kru:—"I send some interesting sketches. I have no time to write descriptive matter, as the post leaves three hours before its time. We have been cut off from all communication till now. I was the only correspondent in the terrible march on the Nile from the zeriba. I never had such a time in my life. Quite a forlorn hope."

A CAVALRY RAID ON HANDOUB FROM SUAKIM

On February 3rd, notwithstanding that a reconnaissance two days previously had established the fact that the enemy was in force at a short distance from Suakim, a detachment of eighty troopers—half 19th Hussars and half Egyptian cavalrymen—made an expedition to

the loss of eight Hussars and three Egyptians missing. The survivors arrived in camp in a very exhausted state, the English horses being completely knocked up. The sketch depicts the arrival of the two first troopers into camp bearing news that the party had been cut off—the horse of one trooper falling dead as he halted.

LIEUT. ROBERT J. TUDWAY

THE name of this officer, who belongs to the Essex Regiment and Mounted Infantry, has become well known on account of a gallant action in which he took part a few days since. During the retreat from Gubat to Gakdul General Buller was much harassed by attacks from the enemy, and, on February 17th, as they still kept up a galling fire on his position, he determined to dislodge them from the hills if a reconnaissance showed they were not too strong. Major Wardrop (whose portrait we have already published) undertook the enterprise, accompanied by Lieut. Tudway, and only three Hussars. This small party crept, under cover of the ground, round the enemy's right. Ascending a slight rise, Major Wardrop looked cautiously over, and perceived that the riflemen on the hill were not numerous, and had no supports of spearmen. He dismounted his men, and made them, without showing more than their heads, fire a volley. He then remounted, galloped off, and repeated his tactics two or three times in different places, leaving one man to fire as rapidly as possible, but without exposing himself to view. The Arabs were completely deceived by this manoeuvre, and, imagining that large reinforcements of British troops had come up, became demoralised, broke off the fight, and retreated to Metemmeh, carrying with them their killed and wounded, and only leaving a few mounted scouts to watch our camp.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Cavilla and Bruzon, Main Street, Gibraltar.

THE NEW BISHOPS

THE BISHOP OF LONDON

THE RIGHT REVEREND FREDERICK TEMPLE, D.D., Bishop of Exeter, who has been appointed to the Bishopric of London, in the room of the late Dr. Jackson, is the son of the late Major Temple, some time Governor of Sierra Leone, and of Dorcas, his wife. He was born November 30th, 1821, and was educated at Blundell's School, Tiverton, and Balliol College, Oxford, where he graduated with double first-class honours. After his ordination he held the principalship of the Government Training College at Kneller Hall, Twickenham, till 1855, when he was employed as one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools. In 1858, on the retirement of Dr. Goulburn, he was elected Head Master of Rugby School, a post which he held successfully for eleven years. In 1869 he succeeded Dr. Phillpotts as Bishop of Exeter. He was one of the contributors to the once-famous "Essays and Reviews," and is also the author of a volume of sermons preached in the chapel of Rugby School. In 1876 Dr. Temple married Miss Beatrice Blanche Lascelles, daughter of the late Right Hon. W. S. Lascelles, M.P.—Our portrait is from a photograph by J. Browning, 11, Bedford Circus, Exeter.

THE BISHOP OF EXETER

THE VERY REV. EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH is the son of the late Rev. Edward Bickersteth, Rector of Watton, Herts. He was born in 1825, and graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he won the Chancellor's Medals for English verse three years running. He was ordained Deacon in 1848, and since 1855 has held the Incumbency of Christ Church, Hampstead. He had scarcely been installed a month as Dean of Gloucester when he was promoted to the Bishopric of Exeter, in the place of Dr. Temple. Dr. Bickersteth has written a good deal, both in prose and verse. As an author he is perhaps best known for his "Hymnal Companion to the Prayer Book," and for his Miltonic poem, "Yesterday, To-Day, and For Ever." His views are moderately Evangelical, and he was very popular in Hampstead.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Russell and Sons, Brompton Road, S.W., and Tufnell Park, N.

MR. SIDNEY GILCHRIST THOMAS, THE METALLURGIST

PRIOR to 1878 it was generally believed that to produce good steel from any but the purest ores was impossible; that the phosphoric ores so abundant in England, France, Germany, Belgium, Luxembourg, &c., were unsuitable for making steel of the best quality in the Siemens and Bessemer furnaces. Mr. Thomas, with no metallurgical training or experience, and no time to devote to scientific research save the evenings after the day's work in a Government office, by long-continued study and careful reasoning came to the conclusion that first-class steel *could* be made from those impure ores, and discovered both the cause of failure so far and the secret of success. By means of indomitable energy and perseverance, with the aid of his cousin Mr. Gilchrist and some of the leading English and foreign metallurgical engineers, he succeeded in working out his discovery into a practical and commercial success. For whereas in 1878 the production of first-class steel from phosphoric ores was *nil*, in 1884, by means of the Thomas-Gilchrist process 864,000 tons of steel were made in Europe; every country being enabled by it to convert its own impure ores into steel. It was early realised by Mr. Thomas that as the supply of pure ore in the world is limited, and the demand for steel an ever growing and widening one, it could only be met by adding the unlimited phosphoric ores to our sources of steel. Largeness of view was specially characteristic of him, and may, indeed, be said to have stimulated him to work with such ardour and absorption as to fatally overtax his strength. He died after a protracted illness at the early age of thirty-four, at Paris, on February 1st. He possessed in a remarkable degree that power of winning the liking and esteem of men, which, while it contributed largely to his practical success in life, makes his death a personal sorrow for those with whom he was connected in business.—Our portrait is drawn from life by Herbert H. Gilchrist, 1883.

MACCLESFIELD INFIRMARY

See page 236.

"THE MINER'S FAREWELL"

THIS picture of Mr. Ridley's has a painful suggestiveness in connection with the lamentable disaster which occurred on Monday night at Usworth Colliery, near Sunderland. Though drawn some time ago, it depicts just such a scene as then took place. The rush of flame and smoke from the shaft of the adjacent pit shows that there has been an explosion, and persons are already running towards the pit's mouth, either to ascertain which of their friends and kinsfolk are below, or to aid as volunteers in removing the dead and injured, and rescuing those who are entombed. This latter is the object of the young miner who is fervently pressing at the cottage-gate the hand of his wife or his sweetheart. Both he and she know well that he is going on a perilous errand, for on these occasions there is the risk of after-damp, of sudden falls of earth, and of further explosions, and there is a certainty of heavy labour and great fatigue. It speaks greatly to the credit of these hard-toiling men that we cannot recollect an instance where, volunteer workers being wanted after a mining accident, there was any hanging back or disinclination to descend into those murky depths which had just proved so fatal to their fellow-colliers.

The *Times* says of the Usworth disaster:—"Any number of men were ready as volunteers to make up the rescuing parties.

This is one admirable feature in the character of the miner. There is never any lack of men, with stout and willing hearts, who are ready to brave all the dangers attendant upon explosions in the mine. Death seems to have no terror for them; their only thought is for the rescue of their fellow-workmen who may be entombed in the darkness of the pit." In this case two of the explorers fell victims to the choke-damp, and another, one of the managers, was with difficulty resuscitated.

ANTHONY EDWARD ODYNIEC

THIS celebrated Polish poet was born in Lithuania in the year 1804, and was educated first at a convent school, and then at the University of Wilna. At the latter place he made the acquaintance of Adam Mickiewicz, the foremost of modern Polish poets. The admirers and followers of Mickiewicz had formed a society, called the *Philaretes*, who were distinguished by the simplicity of their mode of life, and whose chief aim was to bring Polish literature to a higher standard, and at the same time to emancipate it from the trammels of the then prevalent classicism. Odyniec, whose juvenile verses already indicated great promise, was admitted to this select circle, and speedily became the intimate friend of Mickiewicz. After taking his degree, Odyniec published a volume of ballads and romances, which at once attained considerable popularity. In 1829 he travelled through Western Europe, and subsequently related his experiences in a collection of letters, which are especially interesting for his account of the various persons of celebrity (Polish exiles especially) whom he encountered during his tour. After this he began to translate English and German authors. Byron, Moore, and Scott were his chief favourites among the English versemen, and competent judges say that few translators have entered more completely into the spirit of their authors than did Odyniec.

From 1837 to 1857 Odyniec was editor of the *Wilna Courier*, and in 1868 he accepted the editorship of the leading Polish journal, the *Warsaw Courier*. During this period he wrote several dramas, of which *Felicitia* (whose scene is laid in the early days of Christianity) is perhaps the best known. As the infirmities of age came on, Odyniec retired from his public duties, and passed his later years amid his family. He was very fond of children, and their innocent merriment caused him to forget for a while the terrible pains from which he suffered latterly. He died on Thursday, January 15th, in his eighty-first year, peacefully and quite conscious. A few minutes before he died he asked for a glass of water, and, having received it, said in a faint voice: "I drink the health of that earth which will soon embrace me." More than 30,000 persons were present at his funeral, including deputations of Poles from all parts of Europe.—Our portrait is from a photograph by J. Kostka i Mulert, Warsaw, forwarded to us by Mr. J. E. Litten, of that city.

SIR C. A. HARTLEY, K.C.M.G.

SIR CHARLES HARTLEY, together with Sir John Coode, represents Great Britain in the Technical Commission formed to report upon the Suez Canal, and, at the close of last year, they inspected the Canal in company with M. de Lesseps.

Charles Augustus Hartley, son of Mr. W. A. Hartley, of Darlington, was born in 1825. He was educated in mining and railway engineering, and by the time he was twenty was one of the district engineers on the Scottish Central Railway. He served with the Turkish Contingent Force until the close of the Crimean War, when he was chosen Engineer-in-Chief of the Danubian Commission. For his services in this latter capacity he was knighted a few years later. At this time the Suez Canal was in its early stages, and Mr. Hartley inspected it, and reported favourably on it. Thenceforward Sir C. Hartley became, as regards rivers and harbours, a consulting physician whose opinion was eagerly sought for. Odessa, Trieste, the Don, the Scheldt, and the Nile, all came successively to have their pulses felt by him, to say nothing of the Danube, which remained his pet patient. Later on he was associated with the eminent American engineer, Mr. J. B. Eads, in improving the navigability of the mouth of the Mississippi River. In 1879 he was a member of the Congress which sat at Paris to decide on the best route for a ship canal across the Isthmus of Panama. Soon afterwards he acted as umpire in a dispute of long standing between the Thames Conservancy and the Metropolitan Board of Works. We may add to this imperfect record that Sir Charles has always been earnest in endeavouring to promote the moral and religious welfare of those with whom he was associated.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Adèle, Vienna.

THE BECHUANALAND EXPEDITION

THE second portion of Methuen's Horse left Orange River Camp at 3 A.M. on December 30th, and joined their comrades at Langford Camp at 8 A.M. They were played in by the band of the First Royal Scottish.

One of our sketches represents the officers asleep during the early hours of the morning in a railway carriage. There were six in a compartment, first-class.

On taking their horses to water, each man had one horse and rode another. The horses had headstalls, but no bits. The surrounding country was sandy, and there was any amount of dust.

When the troops were crossing the Orange River the pontoon could not get more than half-way across the stream, where it stuck. The consequence was that all had to get out and wade. One or two fell, but the adventure was regarded as a joke. The pontoon was intended to carry about eighty persons, and was worked by means of pulleys and wire ropes.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. W. H. West, Trooper in Methuen's Horse.

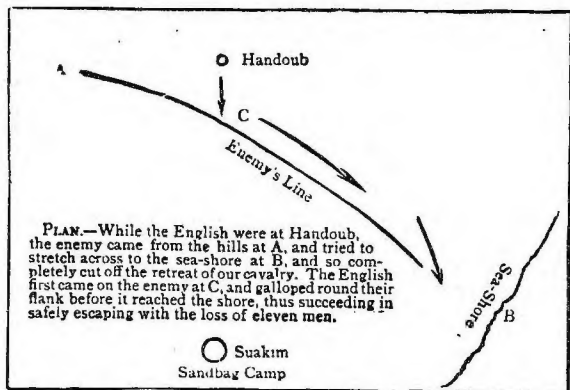
THE AFGHAN FRONTIER COMMISSION

SAYS Sergeant R. E. Galindo, of the 8th Hussars, to whom we are indebted for our sketches:—"Since last writing I have been away from the main body of the Mission with a small party detached for surveying duties, which has enabled me to get some sketches of places almost unknown to Europeans hitherto.

"The native followers were all provided by the Indian Government with an outfit of warm clothing for the winter—woollen coats, trousers, drawers, shirts, &c.—really an excellent and expensive kit. The funny part of the business was that, although these were issued in the early part of September, when it was extremely hot, most of the men dressed themselves at once in the whole kit, and have never got out of it since, night or day!

"The caravanserais at Toman Agha is one of a series which are built at intervals along the main lines of communication. They have all long ago fallen into decay. It was evidently at one time a fine building, and very skillfully and ingeniously planned. The pass at Rabat-i-Surk is noteworthy for the curious formation of the jagged rocks and crags through which it winds.

"We were accompanied by an escort of forty Afghan irregular troops. I send a group of their Khan, who was quite the gentleman, and two of his followers. The two-pronged arrangement on the old fellow's gun is a rest, hinged on to the stock; it supports the gun when firing at about the height of a man squatting down, in which position they fire. Their horses, after the march, have an immense white felt thrown over them, and fastened by a long strap of girth-webbing wound round and round the body. This is generally put on over saddle and all; in fact, the Khan's horse is the only one I have ever seen with the saddle off! A 'Tobra,' or large nose-bag filled with chopped straw, is hung round his neck. These people are not true Afghans, but belong to the Jamshedi tribe.



Handoub, about eleven miles on the road to Berber. The officer in command appears to have simply been instructed to reconnoitre, but going on to Handoub he destroyed the native huts and property, and captured a quantity of cattle. On their return, however, the troopers found themselves intercepted by a long line of Arabs, numbering some 5,000 men. Deciding if possible to outflank the enemy, our troops rode round his right wing, as the adjoined plan shows, and succeeded in getting safely back to Suakim with

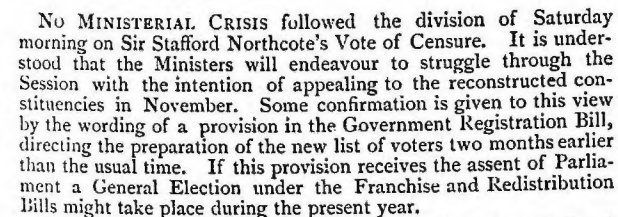
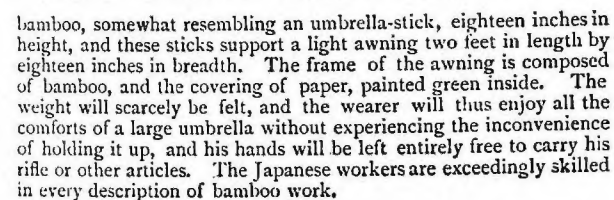
"The Khan's Pipe-bearer" carries at his saddle-bow two long cylindrical leather cases, one containing the pipe, the other a tea-service; and hanging by a long chain from the saddle is an iron pot full of burning charcoal. He follows close to his master on the march, and when the latter wants a smoke he hands him the pipe, first taking two or three "pulls" at it himself to start it."

A NEW STORY, by Mrs. Frances Eleanor Trollope, and illustrated by Robert Barnes, is continued on page 245.

THESE engravings convey the genuine story of a paper-chase which took place on the shores of South-Eastern Europe, and help to show what a puzzle the Englishman, and especially the English Jack Tar—with his boyish pranks—must be to the inhabitants of those regions. In this case there was a twofold series of misunderstandings. In the first place, the innocent-minded natives never dreamt that they were witnessing a pastime. They took it all as downright earnest. In their eyes the "hare" was a malefactor escaping from official vengeance, one man even fired at him, and, believing that he had hit him, claimed a reward for his energetic action. Others, however, regarding the "hare" as the victim of oppression, sought to befriend him. Thus it was that he was hauled up the side of a wall, and allowed, like one of the Forty Thieves, to hide himself in an oil-jar.

This leads us to speak of the second portion of the misunderstanding. The fact is that the "hare" in this notable hunt was a bit of a fox. He practised upon the sympathies displayed by the natives towards a victim of tyranny, and thereby managed to have an easy time of it. While his pursuers, the unlucky hounds, were toiling after him, and believing that he was scampering away for dear life, he was quietly hob-nobbing with a Greek priest, or, more deceitful still, getting a "ghost" (in the sculptor's sense of the word) to do his work, while he ambled along comfortably on horseback. The result was that he was found sitting in the boat as fresh as paint when his pursuers arrived out of breath and thoroughly exhausted.

At the Japanese village there is now being made, by order of the Government, a most ingenious contrivance which will, it is hoped, effectually protect our gallant soldiers in the Soudan from the rays of the burning sun, and render an attack of sunstroke almost impossible. It is formed of light bamboo and paper, and may be described as follows :—On each shoulder is fixed a piece of bamboo bent in the form of an arch, in the centre of each arch a piece of



THE SUBSCRIPTIONS to the Mansion House Fund for a National Memorial to General Gordon amounted in a very few days to 2,000/. The Chinese have not forgotten the services rendered by the hero and his "ever-victorious" army in the suppression of the Taeping rebellion, and the Marquis Tseng has already forwarded to the Lord Mayor a subscription of 150*l.* from the Government of Pekin, and of 200*l.* from the Viceroy of Chih-li. The Corporation of London, it is anticipated, will at its own expense erect a metropolitan statue of Gordon, leaving the proceeds of the Mansion House Fund to be devoted to the provision of a memorial of a practical and useful kind, and possessing a national character.

THE SIX REGIMENTS OF MILITIA embodied are to relieve the Lin in garrison duty at home, and therefore it is thought undesirable for the present to inconvenience men in the Reserve and remuneratively employed by a general summons to them to rejoin the colours. This is a contingency, however, which is kept in view by the Government. Meanwhile, Reservists are invited to volunteer for active service. At the beginning of the week the troops of all arms stationed at Portsmouth were medically examined in order to ascertain the number fit for foreign service.

THE REPORT just issued by the Inspector-General of Recruiting

exhibits a state of things which is not quite satisfactory. In view of the military operations in Egypt, and of our strained relations with more than one great Continental Power, there is a general feeling that the army should be considerably increased. But according to Major-General Bulwer's report, on January 1st, 1885, the infantry of the line was nearly 3,000 short of the number of men voted by Parliament, and this deficiency would have been greater by nearly 1,500 men, had not that number been re-transferred during 1884, from the reserve to the colours.

SPEAKING AT THE GUILDHALL on Saturday, on the occasion of the Princess Louise's distribution of prizes to the London Scottish Volunteers, the Marquis of Lorne referred to the fact that there was now a greater per-centage of efficient and a larger number of volunteers than ever before, and he went on to say, amidst applause, that in his opinion the time had arrived when the Government should see that every member of every regiment was thoroughly equipped in all matters of personal accoutrements, so that in the case of the calling out of the forces the men would be infantry, not merely in their uniform, but in every matter of outfit, whether personal or regimental. The men should be thoroughly perfect, and ready to take the field.

ON WEDNESDAY EVENING a thinly-attended meeting, at which Lord Wentworth presided, was held in the Westminster Town Hall, to protest against further military operations in the Sudan. Among the speakers was Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, who reiterated the opinion that peace might be made with the Mahdi, and that he was willing to receive a diplomatic representative from the British Government, and even to make a commercial treaty with it.

MR. GEORGE ANDERSON, the well-known advanced Liberal member for Glasgow, has been appointed Deputy Master of the Royal Mint at Melbourne, Victoria, an office which is in the gift of the Imperial Government, and to which a salary of £1,400 a year is attached.

LOYAL ULSTER is preparing an enthusiastic reception for the Prince and Princess of Wales, but, for the first time in its history, the Corporation of Dublin will take no part in welcoming a Royal visit. At a large gathering in the Phoenix Park this week, to protest against the Speaker's expulsion of Mr. O'Brien from the House of Commons, this Nationalist M.P.'s very lukewarm repudiation of hostility to the Prince was accompanied by disloyal ejaculations from his hearers, and followed by a speech from the Lord Mayor of Dublin, the tone and tenor of which may be judged of from his remark that since he came to the Mansion House he had always kept the civic flag flying, but that on the day of the Prince of Wales's arrival at Kingstown he would take it down. He has since, however, in a letter telegraphed to the London press, expressed his regret "for having under the excitement of a mass-meeting used language justly liable to censure as offering disrespect to their Royal Highnesses."

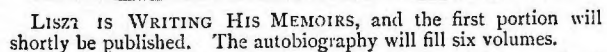
THE FUND FOR A MEMORIAL to the late Lord Lawrence was to be devoted to two objects—one the erection of a statue of him in London, which has been accomplished by that of Mr. Boehm's fine work of art in Waterloo Place, the other the promotion of the education of young Indians. Four thousand five hundred pounds is the surplus accruing for this purpose, and it is to be handed over to the Indian Government for the establishment of Lawrence studentships to be bestowed on young natives of the Punjab, North-West Provinces, Central Provinces, and Oude.

FULL EXPLANATIONS of the sad disaster at Shoeburyness on Thursday last week was given on the scene of the explosion to the coroner's jury, which assembled on Saturday to hold an inquest on the bodies of the six victims, Colonel Fox Strangways, of the Royal Artillery, and Commandant of Shoeburyness; Colonel Lyon, of the Royal Artillery, and Superintendent of the Royal Laboratory, Woolwich Arsenal, and Captain Goold-Adams, of the Royal Artillery, and Assistant-Superintendent of Experiments at the School of Gunnery, with Sergeant-Major Daykin and Gunners Allen and Underwood, all three of the Royal Artillery. Four shots had been safely and successfully fired with the fuse, which was the invention of Colonel Lyon, and a trial of which was, on account of its dangerous character, made at Shoeburyness instead of Woolwich. In these four instances the fuse had been fired in the points of the shells. The fifth and fatal trial was made with the fuse in the rear of the shell, Gunner Allen performing the operation of fixing it, with the melancholy result which is known. Colonel Fox Strangways was buried on Monday in the churchyard at Rewe, in Devonshire, with full military honours; and Colonel Lyon at Stretton, near Warrington, on Tuesday, Sir Richard and Lady Cross being among the concourse of mourners. The funeral of the other victims of the explosion took place on Monday at Shoeburyness, attended by a military *cortège* and by tens of thousands of people from the neighbouring towns.

A TERRIBLE LIFE-DESTROYING EXPLOSION occurred on Monday morning at Usworth Colliery, about eight miles from Newcastle, formerly belonging to Sir George Elliott, from whom it passed to the present owners, Messrs. Bowes, a firm of which Mr. C. Palmer, M.P. for North Durham, is a member, one of his brothers being its manager-viewer. The mine is carefully managed and well ventilated, and has not suffered from an explosion since 1855. A large body of workmen were collected at the pit's mouth ready to descend when an explosion took place; had it happened a few minutes later they would have been inevitably destroyed. The explosion brought down heavy masses of *débris*, through which the gallant volunteers, who descended the shaft to rescue their comrades, could work their way very slowly, and two of them were killed by the choke-damp. Four dead bodies have been brought to the mine bank. Forty-one men who were at work in one of the pits a mile from the scene of the explosion have, it is feared, lost their lives.

SUNDAY ART EXHIBITIONS seem undeniably appreciated by the working-classes, for whose benefit they are opened. Thus over 1,600 persons, mostly artisans and their families, visited the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours last Sunday, having obtained their admission tickets through the Sunday Society.

OUR ORBITRARY includes the death at Assouan of the wife of Valentine Baker Pasha, of typhoid fever, caught while nursing her daughter, whom that malady lately carried off; in his sixty-fourth year, of General E. H. Maxwell, who, as Captain of the 88th Regiment, served with much distinction in the Crimea, and afterwards in India during the suppression of the Mutiny; at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, in his ninetieth year, of Admiral H. W. Bayfield, by whose decease a Greenwich Hospital pension of 150*l.* a-year is placed at the disposal of the Lords of the Admiralty; in his sixtieth year, by a fall from a staircase, General Eber, many years the Austro-Hungarian correspondent of the *Times* at Vienna and Pesth; in his fifty-fourth year, of Mr. Walter Carruthers, formerly on the Parliamentary staff of the defunct *Morning Chronicle*, who succeeded his father, the late Dr. Robert Carruthers, the well-known *littérateur* and biographer of Pope, in the editorship of the *Inverness Courier*; in his seventy-fifth year, of Mr. E. W. Wyon, the last survivor of the elder branch of a well-known artistic family, youngest son of Thomas Wyon, Seal Engraver-in-Chief to George III. and George IV. Mr. Wyon assisted his brother Benjamin, who succeeded his father, in such important works as the Great Seal of William IV. In later years he executed, among many other statues, that of Britomarte for the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House, and the lunettes in bas-relief in the dome of the National Gallery.



TRANSATLANTIC BRIDES no longer stand under huge floral wedding bells to receive their friends. Magnets made of roses now hang over the happy pair, with a needle or a bow and arrow of real blossoms attached to the points.

THE SPREAD OF GERMAN COLONIZATION IN AFRICA has seriously affected the wild-beast market. Elephants, lions, and leopards are now so freely imported to Europe as to bring only a quarter of the price they were formerly worth.

GREEN IS THE TINT OF THE SEASON in Paris this spring, produced in a variety of shades—"silvery moss," "budding sorrel," "emerald," and "watercress." Next in favour is a light coffee colour, such as "beige," "raw lentils," and "cooked lentils."

MADAME SCHUMANN, the celebrated pianiste, and widow of the composer, has been robbed of all her husband's manuscripts, which she kept in her house at Frankfort. The thieves also carried off a number of wreaths, medals, and other relics of the composer.

NEXT YEAR'S INDIAN AND COLONIAL EXHIBITION will bring to England several important native Princes. The Nizam of Hyderabad intends to come over for the opening of the Exhibition, and this will be the first time that an Indian ruler of the first class sets foot on English soil.

THE AUSTRIAN ARCTIC EXPLORER, Herr Julius von Payer, who with Herr Weyprecht discovered Franz Josef Land in 1872, is in very bad health, and has been obliged to undergo an operation on one of his eyes. His series of Arctic paintings, representing the voyage of Sir John Franklin, is thus at a standstill for the present.

THE SPRING BLOSSOMS sold so plentifully in London streets now include a flower which formerly was considered a rare hot-house plant—the delicate mimosa. This year big sprays of the graceful yellow blossom may be bought cheaply anywhere, while until recently they were only to be seen in bouquets and conservatories. Mimosa culture, indeed, has become an important industry at Nice, where the mild Mediterranean climate exactly suits the sub-tropical plant, and whole cargoes are despatched daily from the Riviera.

"IT WAS THE CAT," is the proverbial excuse of landladies and servants for household depredations and damages, but poor Puss has rarely been so ingeniously used as a scapegoat as recently by an American incendiary. Twice lately this man's shop was burnt down in his absence, and the insurance company, doubting his honesty, investigated thoroughly, and found out how it was done. The 'cute incendiary fastened tempting pieces of fish all round a wire hoop, put the hoop on a table, and placed a lighted kerosene lamp in the centre. Then he turned a few hungry cats loose in the room, locked the door, and went off to some place of amusement, so as to furnish a satisfactory *alibi*. The cats fought for the fish, and upset the lamp, the house was set on fire, the innocent owner was absent at the time, and the disaster was all the cats' fault.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY'S ACQUISITIONS during the last twenty-four years have cost the British nation 250,100*l.*, according to the recent report. In one year alone—1870-1—the Gallery spent 76,500*l.* in pictures, but this was by far the largest amount expended in a single twelvemonth, the nearest approach to such a sum being 25,299*l.* in 1882-3, while the smallest outlay was 350*l.* in 1877-8, and in 1871-2 and 1872-3 no pictures were bought at all. Hitherto no more than 10,000*l.* has been given for a single picture, but larger sums have been spent on groups of works from one collection, such as 75,000*l.* on seventy-seven pictures and eighteen drawings from Sir R. Peel's gallery, 10,395*l.* on thirteen canvases from the Barker collection, and 21,042 on ten works from the Duke of Hamilton's sale two years ago.

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,569 deaths were registered, against 1,497 during the previous seven days, a rise of 72, but being 219 below the average, and at the rate of 20 per 1,000. These deaths included 18 from small-pox (a decline of 14, and 8 below the average), 29 from measles (a fall of 2), 16 from scarlet fever (an increase of 2), 16 from diphtheria (a rise of 2), 45 from whooping-cough (a fall of 2), none from either typhus or cholera, 8 from enteric fever (a decline of 5), 2 from ill-defined forms of fever, and 9 from diarrhoea and dysentery. There were 2,709 births registered, against 2,526 the previous week, being 110 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 45·8 deg., and 5·9 deg. above the average. Rain fell on six days to the aggregate amount of 0·55 of an inch. The duration of registered bright sunshine was 9·0 hours, against 7·8 hours at Glynde Place, Lewes.

THE INAUGURATION OF THE NEW AMERICAN PRESIDENT on Wednesday aroused so much enthusiasm throughout the States that hundreds of people, unable to be present at the Washington festivities, wrote begging merely for one of the admission tickets to the inauguration ball, as a souvenir of the event. Accordingly the tickets were sold as relics for 17. apiece. They were large handsome cards, bearing excellent vignette portraits of President Cleveland and Vice-President Hendricks, with *fac-similes* of their autographs. A figure of the Goddess of Liberty hovered above, extending her hands over Literature and Industry, and in the background were the Washington Monument, the White House, and the Capitol, partially concealed by the drapery of the American flag. Transatlantic Presidents, by the way, need a good private income to maintain a proper amount of State, for the public salary of 10,000*l.* does not go far towards the necessary entertainments. Mr. Cleveland, too, follows one of the most lavish Presidents of recent years, as President Arthur has been noted for his numerous and excellent dinners, his choice wines, and first-rate cigars.

THE RUSSIAN DESIGNS UPON HERAT which have stirred up so much British feeling during the last few weeks, lend especial interest to the descriptions of the famous Afghan city and its neighbourhood, furnished by a correspondent of the *Times of India* accompanying the Afghan Boundary Commission. The villages in the Herat Valley, he tells us, are carefully protected by a mud wall enclosure, often strengthened by bricks, with a line of defences in addition, and a mud-built fort, tower-shaped and loop-holed, where the chief of the village usually dwells. The principal houses are dome-shaped, and surrounded by flat-roofed buildings for the animals. A low opening admits to the enclosure, too low indeed to allow a rider to pass, so that the horses are led out to be mounted. The animals are sometimes housed on the ground-floor and their owners above, but generally beasts and their masters inhabit separate dwellings. The Heratis are very hospitable, and, when inviting the geologist attached to the British Commission to visit one of their villages, they began to break down the wall at the opening that their guest might enter mounted. They are much less reticent and solemn than the pure Afghans, with merrier expressions of countenance and more exuberant spirits. The Herati horseman is a rollicking free-lance, a gallant sportsman, and particularly fond of boar-hunting. The Turkistan boars are splendid animals, and at a short distance look as big as the country black cattle; while they are so bold as to enter the encampments by night, in spite of the lights. One breed of boar in the Khosk Rud Valley is said to have two humps.



RIGHT REV. FREDERICK TEMPLE, D.D.
New Bishop of London



MR. SIDNEY GILCHRIST THOMAS
Metallurgist. Born 1851. Died Feb. 1, 1873



RIGHT REV. EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH, D.D.
New Bishop of Exeter



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN—"WATER AT LAST:" FIRST SIGHT OF THE NILE AFTER THE BATTLE OF GUBAT

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS

"The square, after the terrible fight, gained the Nile, and halted when the precious water came in sight. The wounded were lifted up to look at the river for which they had shed their blood."—Our Special Artist



THE NEW CHILDREN'S WARD, MACCLESFIELD INFIRMARY

NEW CHILDREN'S WARD AT THE MACCLESFIELD INFIRMARY

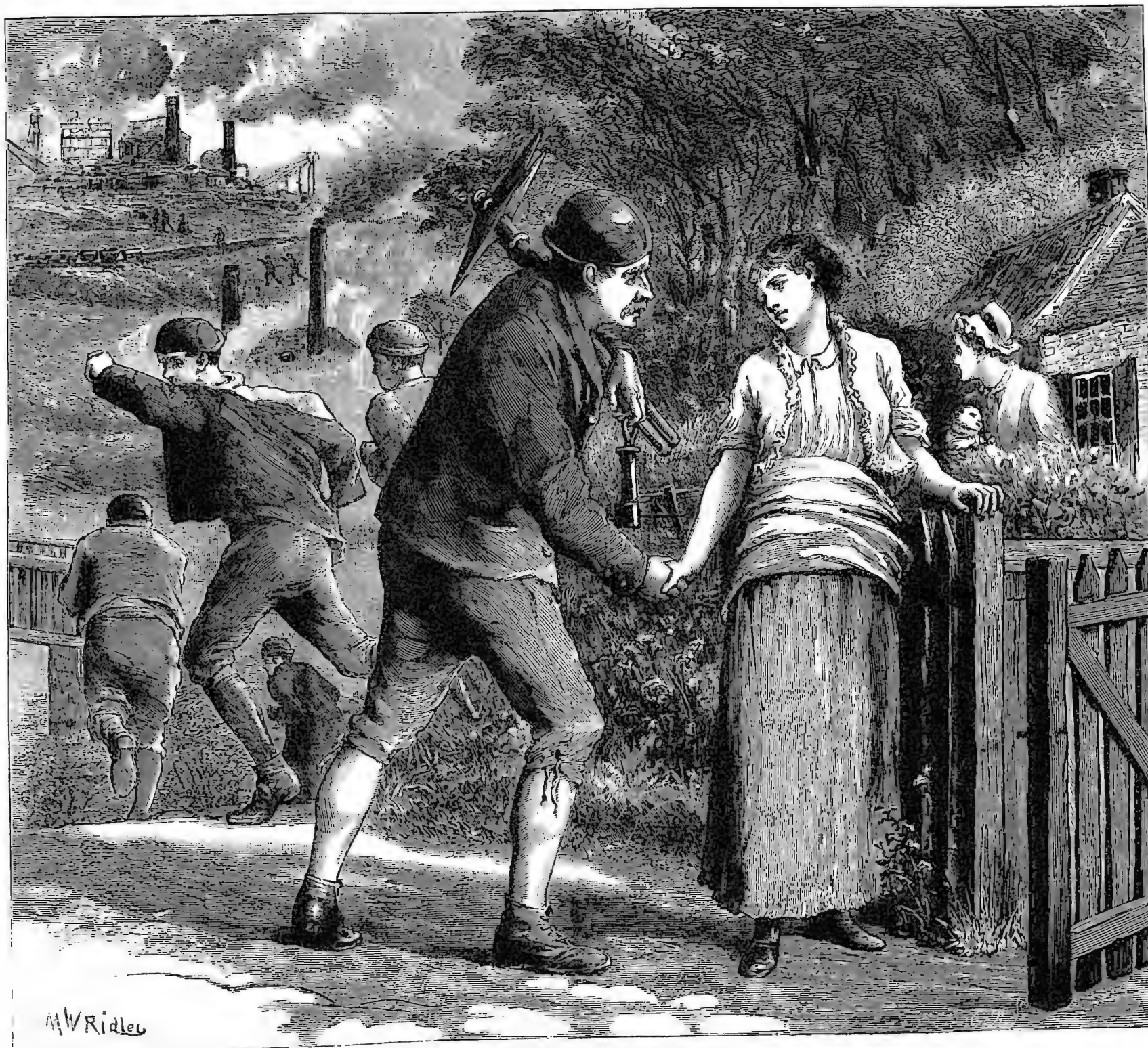
On the Tuesday before Christmas Day the Duke and Duchess of Westminster visited Macclesfield to open a Children's Ward at the Infirmary, which had been furnished and endowed through the liberality of the Duke and other friends of the institution, in response to an appeal by Mr. John May, of Ridge Hill, Macclesfield, the ever-zealous honorary secretary.

The day was kept as a holiday; a volunteer guard of

honour received the distinguished visitors at the gates; and in honour of the occasion the building was tastefully decorated. After inspecting the adult wards, and manifesting a kindly interest in some of the patients, the ducal party proceeded to the Children's Ward, which was crowded throughout the ceremony. Several interesting speeches were made by the Duke and others, and a silver key was presented by the Mayor to the Duchess of Westminster, who then declared the ward open. We learn from the Mayor's speech that the foundation-stone of the infirmary itself was laid by the Duke seventeen years ago, and that, as the building was now out of debt, it was thought that the

fitting-up, equipping, and opening the Children's Ward would be a suitable way of celebrating the happy event.

The ward is spacious and handsome, pleasantly situated on the ground-floor of the west wing of the building. The decorations are tasteful and harmonious. Much thoughtful care has been displayed in the selection of the beds. They are fitted with the most approved springs and appliances for softening the couch, and for moving the patients from a horizontal to a sloping position. The uprights are of brass, with a neat inlaid square as an entablature for the name of the respective donors.—Our engraving is from a photograph forwarded to us by Mr. May.



THE MINER'S FAREWELL



LORD WOLSELEY is concentrating all his forces in the Soudan round Korti, and his head-quarters will shortly be moved to Dongola. General Brackenbury, who was thought to be well on his way to occupy Abu Hamed, has been recalled, the reason given being that he has now completed the punishment of the Monassir tribe for the murder of Colonel Stewart and Mr. Power by laying waste the whole of their territory. The garrison of Gakdul also is to be summoned back to Korti, and, in fact, a retrograde movement is to be effected all along the line. This, presumably, has been rendered necessary by the growing number of marauding bands of Arabs, who are now appearing in large numbers on the Gakdul route, by the evident advance of the Mahdi's forces, by the great mortality amongst the camels, and by the approaching hot weather, which will debar our troops from making any offensive movements, and compel them to seek summer quarters. Thus a suitable site for an encampment between Korti and Dongola is now being considered, but while the main body of Lord Wolseley's force will be concentrated there, a chain of garrisons will be established along the river to Abu Dom, on the left bank of the Nile, opposite Merawi. Meanwhile it is stated that the hardships which our troops have undergone are beginning to tell upon their health and strength, and typhoid fever has once more made its appearance. Out of the 2,000 men who accompanied General Stewart to Gubat, the roll of killed, wounded, and sick amounts to 480.

General Buller and his column left the Abu Klea wells on February 23rd, on the arrival of the expected convoy from Gakdul. The enemy had been largely reinforced, but though estimated to number 5,000 or 6,000 men, made no attempt to follow our troops, who, making what must have evidently been a forced march of fifty-six miles, arrived safely at Gakdul on February 26th without a shot having been fired. There had been constant skirmishing at Abu Klea previous to General Buller's departure, but since the affair of February 17th and Major Wardrop's gallant exploit, the enemy had made no definite attack. Some disposition was certainly shown to intercept the convoy coming from Gakdul, but the movement was abandoned upon our men showing themselves upon the alert. Before leaving, General Buller filled up the wells, and destroyed the works which had been erected. On arriving at Gakdul he at once pushed on with a small escort to Korti, where he arrived on Sunday. The troops will be withdrawn from Gakdul as soon as all the sick and wounded have been transferred to Korti, and will probably have to march the whole way, as the camels are required for transport purposes. It will, of course, be impossible in any way to injure the water supply, and it is probable that the enemy will establish a strong position there, and make this natural fortress a dangerous base for future operations against us. Lord Wolseley is said to be suffering from an affection of the eyes, but, despite the disappointments of the campaign, takes care to exhibit no loss of confidence in the ultimate result. Thus when inspecting the little contingent of Gordon's soldiers under Nusri Pasha which met our convoy at Gubat in the four steamers, he assured them that the English would stay in the Soudan a hundred years if necessary, until the Mahdi's power was broken, and hoped that they would be with him when he entered Khartoum. He warmly praised the loyalty and courage of the men, thanked them for carrying the wounded Englishmen across the desert, and assured them that all General Gordon's promises as to pay would be strictly fulfilled. "They knew Gordon's word was true, and they would find every Englishman's word the same," Prince Hassan may shortly be expected at Korti, as he left Cairo on Monday.

GENERAL GRAHAM arrived at Cairo at the end of last week, but has been suffering from an abscess in his ankle, the result of an accident at Aldershot, and will not go to Suakim until Monday. General Graves and a portion of General Graham's staff left Cairo on Sunday for Suakim, where the Indian troops are beginning to arrive, as also large quantities of stores and camels. The general opinion is that our troops will first endeavour to crush Osman Digma and disperse his forces, and then take up summer quarters in the hills, protecting the route of the railway, which will then be constructed as speedily as possible. Some sanguine spirits aver that the line can be completed by the autumn, but this is denounced as absurd by competent authorities, who consider that two years will be required. A water supply is to be laid down all along the route in pipes, through which the precious fluid will be pumped at the rate of 150 gallons a minute from Suakim, in the same manner that in the United States oil is transported from the petroleum wells to the seaboard. Tanks for the storage of water will be constructed at intervals, and the contract for the engines has been given to an American firm. The pipes, however, are to be made in England. Undismayed by our active preparations the Arabs continue to attack our outlying posts at Suakim. Mines were recently laid to surprise them, but failed to explode at the critical moment. Lieutenant Askwith accordingly proceeded to examine them, when one blew up and killed him.

The Australian contingent to the expedition furnished by NEW SOUTH WALES left Sydney on Tuesday. On Saturday the troops were reviewed by the Governor, Lord Augustus Loftus, and on Sunday special services were held in the Anglican and Roman Catholic Cathedrals. Tuesday was observed as a general holiday, the streets through which the troops were to pass being densely thronged. The troops were escorted by a body of 600 sailors and Marines from the men-of-war on the station, and on the quay the Governor made them a stirring speech, alluding to the fact that for the first time in the great history of the British Empire a distant colony was enthusiastically sending out at its own cost, and completely equipped, a contingent of troops "to assist the Imperial forces in a bitter struggle for the suppression of unspeakable cruelty, and for the establishment of order and justice in a mis-governed country." "You are doing this," he continued, "to show to the world the unity of the mighty and invincible Empire of which you are members. . . . Our earnest hope is that it may be your glorious privilege to share in the triumph, as in the service, and that you will come back to us crowned with England's gratitude, as you are now encompassed by her sympathies." The public enthusiasm in the Colony continues at fever pitch, the number of volunteers has reached six times the required strength of the force, and there has been a continuous flow of contributions in money and kind from all quarters.

Our relations with RUSSIA have become seriously strained. With their inherent pertinacity and utter disregard of English protests, the Russian troops have continued their advance on the borders of Afghanistan, and, leaving Penjdeh, have thrown forward an advanced force of Turcomans to Pul-i-Khisti, where they are now face to face with the Afghan outposts, and, as Lord Granville admits, are within the frontier line as claimed for Afghanistan by England. Moreover, the Russians have occupied the Zulfikar Pass, twenty miles to the south of Pul-i-Khatun, so that they are in practical possession of the whole breadth of that tongue of land which, lying between the Hari Rud and Murghab rivers, leads direct to Herat. Sir Peter

Lumsden, with his force of 1,500 men, is at Gulran, apparently some twenty miles north of Herat. He is stated to have tendered his resignation, but to have withdrawn it upon assurances from the Home Government that the Cabinet was fully alive to the importance of supporting him. He therefore counselled the Afghans to maintain the positions they now occupy, but to abstain from any offensive operations. The Russian Government were appealed to by Lord Granville to withdraw their troops from the advanced posts, but declined to do so, though giving assurances that the officers on the spot had been ordered carefully to avoid any conflict with the Afghans, so that complications could only arise if the Afghans attacked the Russian posts. Negotiations are still going on between the British and Russian Cabinets, but Lord Granville has made it plain that England will make no further concessions, and that she is prepared to back up the Ameer of Afghanistan with her troops if his independence is threatened, and if any further advance be made upon Herat. Preparations to this effect are, it is said, already being made in India, and the Ameer is putting in order the old highway between Peshawar and Herat *via* Cabul, so as to facilitate the passage of an Anglo-Indian force. The Ameer will be received with great ceremony at Rawul Pindi by the Viceroy, where a military display of over 20,000 troops will be made. Statements come from Sarakhs that the Russians intend to be beforehand with us, and be the first to occupy Herat. At St. Petersburg the official journals have continued to deny the alarmist reports of the Russian advance in Central Asia, but one journal, the *Viedomosti*, honestly avows its disbelief in these disavowals, and declares that the Russian press should speak as openly as the English journals. "The seizure of Herat," it continues, "by one of the two Powers is merely a question of time. England fears the neighbourhood of Russia, while Russia, on the contrary, requires that of England, as we Russians shall never lay claim to the natural frontier of the British Empire."

IN GERMANY Prince Bismarck has once more been reading England a sharp lecture. On Monday, when the Reichstag met to discuss the financial vote for the Cameroons Settlement, the Prince, after telling the Deputies that if a colonial policy were to be pursued it must be paid for, and that if they did not approve of that policy he would go to the country for it, entered into a long disquisition upon England's opposition to Germany's colonial expansion. Taking as his text the publication of the recent Blue Book, he protested against the publication, without the usual intimation, of certain letters—notably one from the King of Samoa to the German Emperor, which His Majesty had not yet received, and against the reports of certain conversations which he had regarded as essentially confidential. He denied Lord Granville's assertion that he had ever advised England to take Egypt. On the contrary, he had declined to offer any advice on the subject. It is true that he had remarked that he would not oppose England if she did annex Egypt, as "friendship with England was more important to us than the future fate of Egypt," but at the same time he had pointed out that such a step would be attended with inevitable complications, owing to French jealousy of English supremacy in Egypt. He also stated that he had given an unofficial opinion that were an English Minister he would have sought the mediation of the Sultan, "in order through him to obtain a position in Egypt by means of which English interests would be safeguarded." Offence to other nations would be thus avoided. Prince Bismarck commented severely upon the custom of the British Foreign Office of sending written communications to the German Government, and thus reducing the functions of the British Ambassador to those of a postman. He had thus received more written communications since last autumn from England than from all the other nations put together. After some further criticisms on England and her policy, he softened his tone somewhat, and ascribing the cause of England's displeasure to the fact that, "when out of temper we are inclined to ascribe the causes to others rather than to ourselves," he declared, "But I shall do all in my power, in the most conciliatory manner, *sine ira et studio*, to restore our relations to that footing of calm and friendly intercourse which has always existed between us and England, and which is natural to both countries, neither having vital interests which conflict with those of the other." Following this speech comes an official note in the *North German Gazette*, striving to refute many of the statements in the Blue Book as to the Cameroons, and reminding England that, having bombarded Alexandria three years ago, and not yet having paid the indemnities, she is hardly in a position to claim compensation from Germany for any damage British subjects have suffered in the Cameroons district. The publication of confidential conversations is also equally condemned in a subsequent article on Wednesday. Great stress is also laid upon the important despatch of May 5th, in which Prince Bismarck announced that if England declined to come to terms with him he must seek the friendship of France—a despatch which Lord Granville denies having received. Further annexations are announced, this time in Eastern Africa, the "Society for German Colonisation" having been granted an Imperial charter for the acquisition of a large tract of fertile and healthy territory, comprising 2,500 miles, between Zanzibar and Lake Tanganyika, and which has been ceded to Dr. Carl Peters by the various territorial chiefs. The Sultan of Zanzibar has been notified of this acquisition, and a German Consul-General has been appointed.

IN FRANCE there is little of home interest stirring, the only Parliamentary topic being the Corn Duties Bill, which is being voted clause by clause. Some sensation has been caused by an Englishman named Knubley, who furnished the reports of the recent Dynamiters' Congress to the various papers, and who, enraged at the assertion of the *France* that they were unfounded, called at the office, and attempted to shoot the editor. He was arrested, and is to be tried for assault, and it is stated that certain Fenian papers were found at his residence. More agreeable news items are the production of a dramatised version of M. Jules Claretie's "Prince Zilah" at the Gymnase, in which Madame Jane Hading secured a great success. A curious drama, *Olivier Pain with the Mahdi*, is being played at a minor theatre, in which an ex-Parisian journalist, having made a bet with an Englishman, goes into the Soudan, becomes an officer of the Mahdi, and assassinates General Gordon. The chief news from the war in China is that Admiral Courbet has bombarded the military port of Tchingai, which commands the approaches to the important town of Ningpo, that he is now keeping a careful watch over the coasts between Ningpo and the Yangtse River, and that General Briere de l'Isle has gained further successes over the Chinese on February 24th and 25th.

IN THE UNITED STATES, President Cleveland was installed, amid much popular enthusiasm, at Washington on Wednesday, and for the first time for four-and-twenty years a Democratic President now holds the reins of Government. The Cabinet is constructed as follows:—Secretary of State, Senator Thomas F. Bayard; Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Daniel Manning; Secretary of the Interior, Senator Lucius Q. C. Lamar; Secretary for War, Mr. William C. Endicott; Secretary of the Navy, Mr. William C. Whitney; and Postmaster-General, Mr. William F. Vilas. It is thought very improbable that President Cleveland will follow out the old "spoils" adage, and deprive Republican office-holders of their posts. Meanwhile Congress and the new President have already disagreed upon the question of silver coinage. The President is very anxious that the coinage should be suspended, as he thinks that the gold coinage and the general wealth of the country will suffer. Congress, however, has declined to consider the Bill on the subject. General Grant is

seriously ill with cancer at the root of the tongue, and his recovery is looked upon as hopeless. He is busy with his Memoirs, and has already finished the second volume.

The most important features of the President's Address related, as regards purely home matters, to the reduction of taxation, and a moderate Protectionist policy, Civil Service Reform, the restriction of Chinese immigration, and the repression of Polygamy, but by far the most interesting passages to the outside world, and to England in particular, were his utterances with regard to foreign policy. President Cleveland firmly maintained the necessity for adhering to the policy "commended by the history, traditions, and prosperity of the Republic. It is the policy of independence favoured by our position, and defended by our known love of justice and by our power. It is the policy of peace suitable to our interests. It is the policy of neutrality rejecting any share in foreign broils and ambitions upon other Continents, and repelling their intrusion here. It is the policy of Monroe and Washington and Jefferson—peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none." The Nicaragua Canal question is not directly mentioned, but a covert allusion to England's claims is undoubtedly contained in the above, while the question of the enormous purchases of land by British capitalists is no less attacked in the significant declaration that "care for the property of the nation and for the needs of future settlers require that the public domain should be protected from pillooting schemes and unlawful occupation."



THE QUEEN has been entertaining visitors at Windsor. Thus the Duchess of Albany and her children stayed with Her Majesty until Saturday, and during the visit the Duchess accompanied the Queen and Princess Beatrice to the Albert Chapel, where they viewed Mr. Boehm's cast of the recumbent statue of Prince Leopold. Lady Wolseley and Sir H. and Lady Elphinstone have also been staying at the Castle, while Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne arrived on Sunday. In the morning Her Majesty, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Louis of Battenberg attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel, where the Rev. St. John Blunt preached, and in the evening Lady Biddulph joined the Royal party at dinner. Lord Reay arrived on Monday night, and kissed hands on his appointment as Governor of Bombay, afterwards dining with the Queen, when Sir H. Ponsonby also joined the party. On Tuesday the Prince and Princess of Wales visited Her Majesty. Although completely recovered from her late indisposition, the Queen has been advised by her physicians to avoid much fatigue at present, so Her Majesty will not appear at the first Drawing-Room of the season next Thursday, but will be represented by the Princess of Wales. The Queen, however, will personally hold a Drawing-Room in May, when the Princess Louise of Wales will make her formal *début* in Society by being officially presented to Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice. Her Majesty will shortly go to Germany for a brief sojourn at Aix les Bains.—The Queen has ordered a bust of General Gordon to be placed in the corridor at Windsor Castle.

The Prince of Wales on Saturday was present at a meeting of the British Museum Trustees, and afterwards accompanied the Princess and daughters and Prince George to an amateur dramatic performance in aid of the fund for restoring Wolferton Church. On Sunday the Royal party attended the 700th anniversary service at the Temple Church, when the Archbishop of Canterbury preached. Next morning the Prince visited the Stock Exchange to inspect the recently-opened wing, when the members assembled and sang "God Save the Queen" and "God Bless the Prince of Wales," and the Prince made a short speech. In the afternoon the Prince held a Levée at St. James's on behalf of the Queen, attended by Prince Albert Victor—who came up specially from Cambridge, and returned immediately afterwards—the Duke of Cambridge, and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar. Later the Prince of Wales and the Duke went to the House of Lords, and in the evening the Prince dined with Lord Carrington and the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms. On Tuesday he was present at a meeting of the Royal Commission for Housing the Poor, and subsequently accompanied the Princess and daughters to the Hackney Stud Show at the Royal Agricultural Hall. The Prince and Princess spent the night at Windsor, and on Wednesday went to the Royal Artillery Company's Ball.—The Prince and Princess will probably go to Ireland in Easter week, the *Osborne* being ordered to Holyhead by the 7th prox. to take the Royal party across. During their stay in Ireland the Prince and Princess will visit Belfast and Cork, and will spend two days at Killarney with Lord and Lady Kenmare. Prince Albert Victor will accompany his parents, and will be installed a Knight of St. Patrick. The young Prince was present at the University Welsh Society's dinner at Cambridge on Saturday night, and has become President of the Town and County of Cambridge and Isle of Ely Rifle Association.



THIS (SATURDAY) AFTERNOON will be formally unveiled, in the presence of the Dean of Westminster, the bust of Robert Burns already placed in Westminster Abbey. Times are changed since the Dean and Chapter of many years ago refused to admit into the Abbey a statue of Lord Byron.

THE TEMPLE CHURCH was crowded on Sunday by benchers, barristers, law students, and strangers at a service held to commemorate the 700th anniversary of its consecration by Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem. The Archbishop of Canterbury, who preached, dwelt on the permanence of the struggle between Christianity and Makomedanism from the time of the Knights Templars to our own. The death of Gordon was, the Primate said, one more tragic act in the tale of Tiberias and Acre, and that scene on Westminster Bridge the other day was but the replica of the first famous march of the Knights Templars to London Bridge when they went to war with the False Prophet. Among other historical analogies adduced by the Archbishop was what he called the significant parallel to the story of the Temple afforded by the fact that the Sainte Chapelle of Paris, prepared by St. Louis, the most Christian hero of the Crusades, to receive Christ's crown of thorns, should have been assigned to the life and work of the lawyers of Paris. The service will be continued to-morrow (Sunday), when the Master of the Temple, Dr. Vaughan, will preach.

THE ORGAN OF THE CHURCH DEFENCE INSTITUTION, the *National Church*, has "good authority for saying that the dedication of Lord Richard Grosvenor, M.P., on the subject of Disestablishment in Wales, made at Connah's Quay on January the 6th, and at Mold, on January the 8th" (as referred to in this

column at the time), "was in no way inspired, and has caused much annoyance to Mr. Gladstone."

THE REPUDIATION OF ENGLISH WIVES married in this country by French husbands, on the plea that the formalities required by the French law to constitute a legal marriage in France had not been observed, is an admitted grievance of long standing, and as such was recently discussed by the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury with a view to remedy it. Protracted negotiations on the subject between the English and French Governments have resulted in the decision of the latter to authorise the issue, by French Consular officers in the United Kingdom, of certificates stating that in the case of marriages between English subjects and French citizens they are satisfied that all the formalities have been observed which would be required to render legal such a marriage in France. Lord Granville has made this intimation to the Bishop of Manchester, in reply to a communication received by him from that prelate, at the request of a public meeting in Manchester. Lord Granville expresses a hope that the new arrangement will afford a remedy for the evil of which there is such just reason to complain.



PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Sir Arthur Sullivan for the first time assumed the direction of the Philharmonic at the concert held last week. He thus continued a line of conductors which has included W. G. Cousins, Sterndale Bennett, Richard Wagner, Michael Costa, Mendelssohn, and Weber, all and successively dating back to the time when Spohr, in 1820, superseded the "first violin and leader," and insisted upon wielding the *bâton* himself. Perhaps the Philharmonic Society were wise not to attempt any special novelty on the opening night of the season. The programme included the *Athalie* and *Ruler of the Spirits* overtures, Beethoven's violin concerto played by Herr Joachim, songs for Mdlle. Warnots, and the Symphony in F, No. 3 of Brahms. The orchestra, led by Mr. Carrodus, and consisting almost exclusively of Englishmen, was one of the finest ever brought together in this country.

BACH CELEBRATIONS.—Although the bi-centenary of Bach will not occur until the 21st inst., the commemoration performances have already begun. Mr. Oscar Beringer, with Mr. Manns as conductor, threatens a concert on the 18th, when concertos for one, two, three, and four pianos or clavier are promised. It should be stated in advance that the Concerto in A minor for four clavier is not Bach's original. There is no doubt it is merely an arrangement of a concerto in B minor by Vivaldi, written for four violins with accompaniment for two violas, violoncello, and bass. In the Crystal Palace programme last Saturday an attempt was made to show Bach in his miscellaneous and violin works, such as the overture from a Suite in C, the celebrated "Chaconne" for violin, played by Herr Joachim, the equally famous "Doric" Toccata and Fugue in D minor for organ, played by Mr. Eyre, and the concerto for two violins, of which Spitta speaks so highly, and more than once played at the Popular Concerts. Lastly came a selection of a chorus, two arias, and two chorales from Bach's Reformation cantata "Ein Feste Burg" (known here as "A Stronghold Sure"), in which the well-known hymn, correctly attributed to Luther, and always considered representative of Protestantism, so prominently figures. The most important Bach celebration will, however, be at the Albert Hall, on the 21st, when a band of soloists and choir of 600, under Herr Otto Goldschmidt, will perform Bach's mighty Mass in B minor. Spitta, in the "Life of Bach," just published, devotes nearly thirty pages to a critical and analytical treatise on this Mass (*Die hohe Messe*, as it is called in Germany), and those who wish to be present at the performance will find a previous perusal of his remarks both interesting and instructive.

HANDEL'S "BELSHAZZAR."—We last week referred to the revival by the Handel Society of *Saul*. On Friday the Sacred Harmonic Society revived *Belshazzar*, which has not been heard in London since Mr. Barnby performed it, as nearly as possible as it would have been given in Handel's time, at the Albert Hall in 1873. Herr Hecht, of Manchester, has furnished Handel's score with all sorts of additional accompaniments and extra instruments, such as the cymbals, piccolo, and triangle, which, especially in the Babylonian festivities, now play a somewhat important, though decidedly incongruous, part. The oratorio had been rehearsed under Mr. Cummings, but was performed under the direction of Mr. Hallé. Slips, for which, under the circumstances, the choir should be excused, were almost unavoidable, though they by no means enhanced the enjoyment of the audience. It should be added that Handel's own conductor's copy is still extant. It was bequeathed to John Christopher Smith, and afterwards became the property of his step-daughter, Lady Rivers. It was long supposed to be lost, but Schœlcher discovered it in the hands of one Kerslake, a Bristol bookseller. Schœlcher in 1857 in vain offered it to the British Museum authorities, who refused to purchase it. Hamburg, however, spared the small sum of money which England could not afford, and the work is now in the public library of that city. The soloists at the Sacred Harmonic Society's performance were Miss Annie Marriott, Madame Patey, Miss Chester, Messrs. Lloyd and Bridson.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.—Signor Bottesini made a single appearance at the Popular Concerts on Monday, when he played two movements from his concerto in F sharp minor, already last June heard in its entirety at the Philharmonic Concerts. The concerto is written for the peculiar instrument called the Bottesini double bass, but which more nearly resembles an enlarged violoncello. The concert opened with the quartet in D minor, the second of the set of six dedicated by Mozart to Haydn. The popular minuet was redemanded and repeated. Miss Agnes Zimmermann and Herr Joachim played for the first time Gade's early sonata in A, by no means the best specimen of the Danish composer's talent. Far more acceptable was Schubert's beautiful pianoforte quintet in A, in which for the penultimate movement Schubert has used his own lovely *lied* "Die Forelle" (the Trout). The quintet was played by Miss Agnes Zimmermann, MM. Joachim, Straus, Bottesini, and Piatti. On Saturday Madame Norman Néruda made her last appearance this season, and played Brahms' Sextet in G.—The Heckmann Quartet from Cologne, but who have recently been playing in Scotland, are engaged for London by Herr Hermann Franke, under whose auspices they have already given at Prince's Hall two performances of works already more or less familiar to lovers of chamber music. Herr Allekotte, the viola, is an exceptionally fine performer; but although the Quartet, by playing so frequently together, have necessarily acquired a certain excellence of *ensemble*, yet either as individual players or collectively, the Cologne artists can in no way approach the Monday Popular Concert Quartet, which is now probably the finest in the world. The Hall was scantily attended, and it would seem the best chance of the Heckmann Quartet would lie in the production of novelties, which at the Popular Concerts are somewhat neglected.—A concert of Schubert's music was announced by Herr Joachim and others on Friday.—On Tuesday Messrs. Mackay and Macpherson gave an

excellent chamber concert of the works of Schumann, Chopin, Bennett, Brahms, Mendelssohn, and others at Brixton. Their next concert, on March 24th, will be devoted to the music of Macfarren, Sterndale Bennett, and other English composers, and Miss Alexandra Ehrenberg will sing.—Mdlle. Louise Douste essayed, last week, a pianoforte recital, and she succeeded in crowding Prince's Hall. Mdlle. Douste seemed to be a pianist of muscular power rather than of refinement.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Madame Schumann will not be able to undertake any professional engagements in London this year, although she may possibly visit this country. At her advanced age and in her precarious health, Madame Schumann cannot risk the excitement of a public appearance.—Madame Sainton-Dolby's posthumous cantata "Florimel" is about to be published. The book is adapted by Mr. J. A. Blaikie from the third and fourth books of Spenser's "Faerie Queen," and the cantata is set to music for female voices only.—There is some possibility of the return to England this year of the famous pianist M. Rubinstein. Three or four London recitals and one additional concert have been proposed, but the details have not yet been settled.—Dr. Villiers Stanford's two London operas were put up for sale last week. For *The Canterbury Pilgrims* 5*l.* was offered, but for *Savonarola* there was no bid.—The death is announced in New York of Dr. Leopold Damrosch, the founder of the Symphony Society and the pioneer of German opera in the United States.—We have no space to give details of the St. David's Day Concert, at which Mr. Sims Reeves was too ill to appear; the last Ballad Concert, when some favourite songs were sung; the Concert at which the drawing room songs of Messrs. De Lara and Logé were heard; the piano recital by Miss Allrecht; the *Messiah* performance by the Paddington Choral Society; and concerts given by Mr. Ord, and others.—Sir George Macfarren called a meeting at the Royal Academy of Music last Saturday, to organise a scholarship in memory of Madame Sainton-Dolby.—A Triennial Festival has been arranged for Blackburn. The first festival will be held October 1, 2, and 3, and Mr. F. H. Cowen has been elected conductor.—The production of *The Lady and the Locket* at the Empire Theatre is postponed until next Wednesday, owing to the illness of Miss Florence St. John.



THE division on the Vote of Censure was taken at half-past one o'clock on Saturday morning, amid a scene that testified to the prevailing anxiety. The Irish Members, in accordance with their familiar tactics, had sought to add to their personal importance by keeping up to the last moment the secret of their intended movement. They had made extraordinary and more than usually successful efforts to whip up their party. On the last Vote of Censure only thirty-two had obeyed Mr. Parnell's nod. Now there were forty-four—a number equal to eighty-eight on a division. Apart from its immediate bearing upon the fortunes of Saturday morning's division, the position of the Irish Members was one full of significance for the future. Mr. Gladstone was returned to power with a majority that frequently has overborne the united numbers of Conservatives and Parnellites. But such a phenomenal majority is not likely often to be repeated, and English statesmen will in the near future find their actions paralysed by a numerical force in the House of Commons, which, absolutely unscrupulous, can, by leaning to this side or that, settle Imperial questions. What relation the Parnellite vote has to the merits of a given question was shown in striking manner in the divisions of Saturday morning. Sir Stafford Northcote had a resolution calling upon the Government to carry on the war in the Soudan. Mr. John Morley had an amendment calling upon them immediately to cease war. *The Parnellites voted for both*—their common object of attack being the Government of the day.

Ministers polled on Saturday morning just one less than they had brought up in May of last year. But the curious combination opposed to them was much more successful in beating up recruits. The Irish members, as has been stated, polled twelve members more, which, with the vote of Mr. Forster and Mr. Goschen, makes up the exact difference between the 28 majority obtained in May and the 14 secured on Saturday. Nevertheless, the reduction of the Ministerial majority to 14 gave rise to rumours of resignation on the part of the Government. The real majority was, of course, 58, no one on either side seriously reckoning the Irish vote as having any bearing upon the question at issue. No Ministry was ever known to resign with a majority of 14, much less with one of 58. Nevertheless it remains true that the question of resignation was discussed at the Cabinet Council, and several Ministers earnestly urged the desirability of taking this opportunity of obtaining release from a position of growing difficulty. It was ruled otherwise, and on Monday matters in both Houses resumed their ordinary aspect. Even the Lords, who had declared against Ministers by a majority of 121, looked as if nothing particular had happened. Their lordships are growing used to finding their solemn declarations on Imperial politics quietly ignored. Hundreds of leading articles have been written on the divisions in the Commons, whilst scarcely a passing word has been said of the enormous majority secured by the Opposition in the House of Lords.

Mr. Gladstone remained at his post on Saturday morning till the last of the series of divisions was taken. He looked unutterably worn and weary, and after the Cabinet Council on Saturday it became clear that he had overtaxed his strength. He was absent from the House on Monday, a circumstance which led to a painful episode. When Lord Hartington announced that the Premier was indisposed Mr. Warton broke in with a jubilant cheer. The expression of feeling called forth by this incident pierced even the armour of the member for Bridport. On Tuesday, when the House met, he rose and expressed a desire to "explain his cheer." The explanation, however, stopped short at the most interesting point. Mr. Warton declared that he had not cheered with intention of expressing joy at the illness of the Premier. But he did not say for what other reason he had made an ejaculation the Parliamentary meaning of which invariably expresses satisfaction and approval. However, the House felt it was something to have Mr. Warton indicating shamefacedness when one of his habitual transgressions of the propriety of debate had gone a little too far, and his "explanation" was received in silence.

The House assembled on Tuesday with the expectation of being treated to one of those scenes for which the Irish members liberally cation. Mr. Sexton had on Friday proposed to raise a debate on the action of the Speaker on the previous Tuesday, when he had instituted the Closure and suspended Mr. O'Brien. Such an interference with the order of debate on Friday would have imperilled the division, for which the Conservatives were well prepared. Arrangements were accordingly made by Mr. Rowland Winn, by which the scene was postponed till Tuesday, Mr. Winn undertaking to furnish forty members, if necessary, to supplement the demand of the Parnellites for leave to move the adjournment. But for once authority triumphed, and the habitual tyrants of the House found themselves under restraint. Mr. Sexton rose in due time, and made the statutory request for leave to move the adjournment of the House. In ordinary circumstances the next course would have been for the Speaker to ask if forty members supported the request; whereupon,

Mr. Rowland Winn being an honourable man, the forty would have been abundantly forthcoming, and the greater part of the sitting devoted to an attack upon the authority of the chair.

But the Speaker was equal to the occasion. It has been more than once ruled that the conduct of the Speaker may be impugned only upon a direct motion submitted after due notice, when an amendment may be moved, and the opinion of the House tested. By that rule the Speaker now stood. But he was not content with thus checkmating the obstructionists. In well-chosen words, and with dignified manner, he pointed out that if any other course were to be followed, and if the action of the Speaker were to be challenged by way of casual conversation and indirect assault, the bonds of discipline in the House would be relaxed, and a grave, if not fatal, blow aimed at the authority of the Chair. The revelation of the character of Mr. Arthur Peel, suddenly flashed upon the House when he returned thanks for his election to the Chair, was noted at the time. Up to that period he had been an obscure and silent member, coming to the front occasionally at late hours of the night in his capacity as a minor member of the Ministry. He had not spoken three sentences of his address when the House discovered that he was quite other than what they had hitherto held him. His brief address of Tuesday night is one of many confirmations of this view since given. Mr. Peel is evidently deeply imbued with the traditions of the almost sacred dignity of the Chair, and is resolved to maintain them at the highest pitch.

On Monday messages from the Queen, dealing with the Reserves and Militia, were submitted to the House. Mr. Labouchere opposed the motion to consider the messages on the principle that he would not let pass without protest any action tending to approve and provide for the continuance of the war in the Soudan. The majority of those who think with him were very clearly of opinion that the question had been fully debated and finally settled by the division on Mr. John Morley's amendment to the Vote of Censure. They therefore declined to take part in the discussion, and only nineteen members, chiefly Parnellites who on Sunday morning had voted for increased energy in pursuing the war, voted with him. After this the Address in reply to the message was agreed to without further controversy, and the House approached the real business of the Session—the consideration of the Seats Bill. The motion was to go into Committee on the Bill—really the crucial stage. In the Autumn Session the debate on the second reading was considerably shortened on the understanding that opportunity for discussing the principle of the measure would be fully provided on the stage now reached. But the unique position the measure occupies in Parliament is testified to by the absence of any real opposition. Naturally Sir John Lubbock seized the opportunity to redeliver his lecture on proportional representation. Mr. Courtney also gave himself the pleasure of again instructing the House on this abstruse subject. But the debate fell even more flatly in the House than it has done in the country. Mr. Arthur Balfour, understood to be a friend of the proposal, gave deep pain to its advocates by frankly declaring that proportional Representation could not be said to be dead in the country since it had never lived. This is a truth which no one can dispute. Nevertheless the House of Commons was fain to keep up the appearance of sitting for hours whilst the little knot of enthusiasts who understand the scheme painfully threaded its intricacies. The debate was carried on even into Tuesday, when it received its quietus in a division in which 31 mustered under the banner of Sir John Lubbock, 132 voting for going on with business. On Wednesday the Seats Bill was taken again, Thursday was given up to Supply, and on Friday the House found itself seriously at work in Committee on the Seats Bill.



THE TURF.—There has been a very fair "cross-country" meeting this week at Croydon, though not to be compared with the gatherings of a few years ago. The Grand International Hurdle Race could only as a matter of traditional nomenclature be entitled to either prefix, and the interest in it was but slight. Nine starters came to the post, and "the talent" managed to find the winner in Baron de Rothschild's Serge II., who was first favourite at a little less than 4 to 1. He won, after a severe struggle with that sterling animal, Phantom, who was second, Sandhill being third.—The turf market has not been very active during the last few days, but it may be noted that for the Derby Melton is now about as good a favourite as Paradox. For the Lincolnshire Handicap and the Grand National Bendigo and Zoedone continue to be in good demand respectively; but at the time of writing St. Blaise is first favourite for the former and Belmont for the latter event.—Mr. Godwin still lies at Sandown in a state of unconsciousness.

COURSING.—The Kempton Park Coursing Meeting was favoured with tolerable weather and passed off admirably, though hardly in accordance with the tastes of backers of favourites in the Great Champion Stakes, a noticeable feature in which were the successive defeats of the animals on which odds were laid for their individual course. The grand prize of 1,000*l.* eventually fell to Ballangeich, the property of Mr. S. H. Hyde, the Kempton Park Secretary, to whose good judgment and untiring energy the success of the "enclosed" coursing at Kempton is mainly due. His personal and well-deserved popularity caused his victory to be received with the greatest favour. Ballangeich was among the animals who showed good form at the recent Waterloo meeting; but probably few persons believed Mr. Hyde's constant declarations that he was a far better dog than the public gave him credit for being. The truth is he is a somewhat erratic performer, and at times runs wildly; but he has now shown himself possessed of qualities which make him certainly one of our crack public performers. Curiously enough he is both deaf and dumb, having never been heard to bark.

AQUATICS.—News comes from Sydney that on the 28th of last month W. Beach easily beat T. Clifford in the sculling match for the Championship of the World, over the championship course on the Paramatta river. He will now row Hanlan for the Championship on March 28th; but, good man as he is undoubtedly, he is hardly likely to beat the Canadian in a fair and square race.—The final heat of the professional sculling handicap on the Thames was won by Godwin. Bubeak took no part in the contest, which can hardly be said to have elicited any scullers likely to make a mark in the future.

FOOTBALL.—Queen's Park (Glasgow) has beaten Notts County in playing off their undecided tie in the Association Challenge Cup contest. Derby was the *venue*, and after a severe struggle the Scotchmen won by two goals to one.—The semi-final tie in the London Association Cup was replayed on Saturday last at the Oval between Upton Park (the holders) and West End, the first named winning by three goals to none. The winners meet the Old Foresters to play the final on Saturday next at the same trust.—In the final tie for the Scottish Challenge Cup, Renton has beaten Vale of Leven.—The Association game between England and Ireland has been won for the fourth time in succession by Ireland.—The London Hospitals Challenge Cup has fallen to London Hospital.



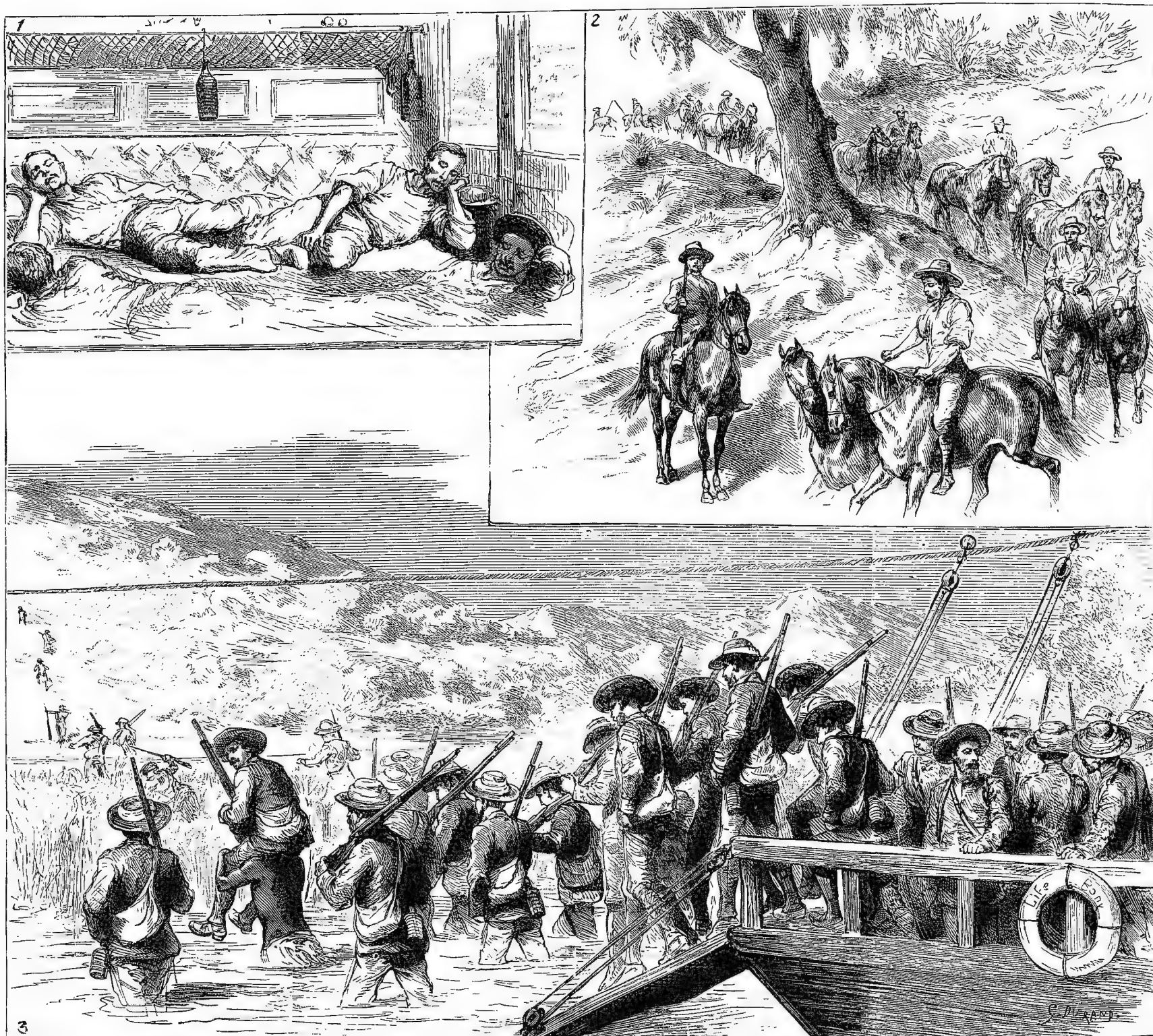
ANTON EDWARD ODYNIEC
Polish Poet
Born 1804. Died Jan. 15, 1885



LIEUTENANT ROBERT J. TUDWAY, ESSEX REGIMENT
Who, with Major Wardrop and Three Troopers, Drove the Arabs from
Positions Round Abu Klea During the Retreat of General
Buller's Column from Gubat

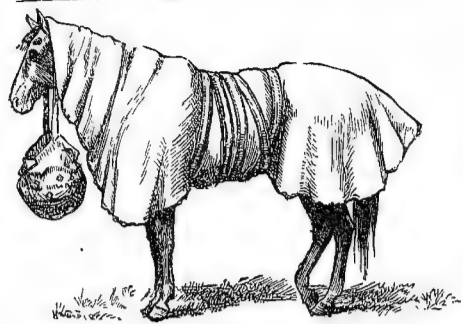


SIR CHARLES AUGUSTUS HARTLEY, K.C.M.G., F.R.S.E.
One of the British Representatives on the Technical Commission
on the Suez Canal

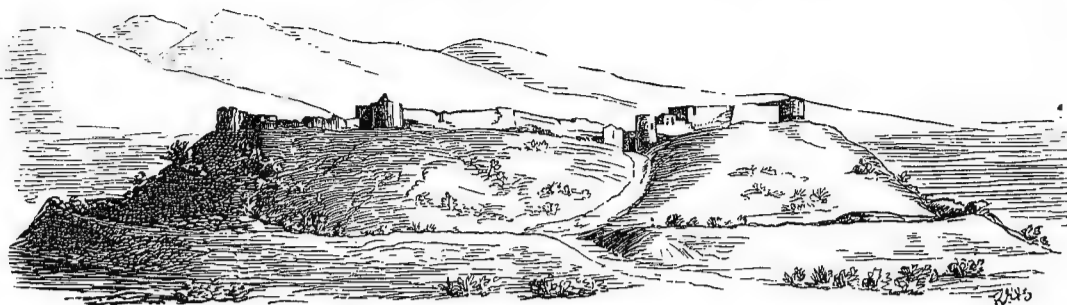


1. Going to the Front First Class, Six in a Compartment : Early Morning.—2. Langford Camp : Taking Horses to Water.—3. Crossing the Orange River : The Pontoon
Stuck in the Middle.

WITH "METHUEN'S HORSE" ON THE WAY TO BECHUANALAND, SOUTH AFRICA



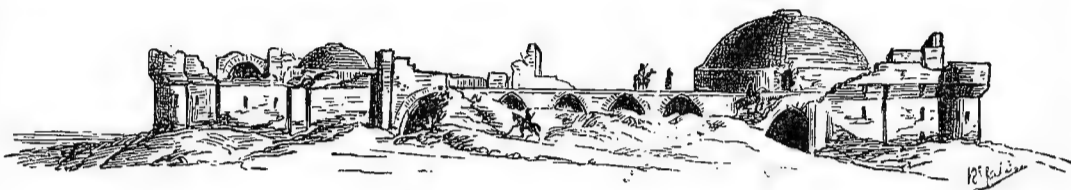
The Khan's Horse in His Leisure Moments



Ruined Fort, Kara Tapa



The Khan or Chief of an Afghan Escort with Two of His Men



Ruined Caravanserai, Toman Agha, South Face



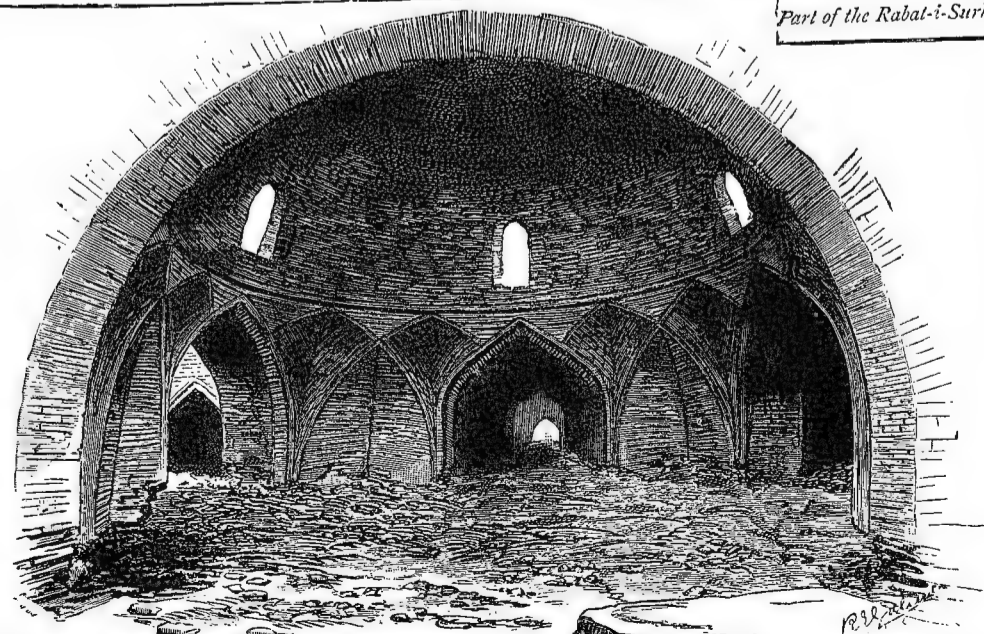
The Munshi's Chatter



Part of the Rabat-i-Surk Pass in the Mountains North of Herat



Native Follower and a Sowar



Ruined Caravanserai at Toman Agha—Interior of Main Hall



The Khan's Pipe-Bearer

(the holders), who beat University easily enough, scoring, according to hospital reckoning, fifty points to three.

ATHLETICS.—The Five Mile Open Steeplechase of the Blackheath Harriers had no less than 133 entries, and all started but 22. Fentiman of the home pack was the winner.

BILLIARDS.—The Championship match between Cook and Roberts will commence on the 30th of this month, at the Billiard Hall, Argyll Street. Instead of the usual 1,000 up, it has been agreed to make the game 3,000, extending over three evenings. The "spot-stroke barred" match which was contemplated between the players has been abandoned.



THE "brilliant setting" for which Mr. Wilson Barrett justly claimed credit on the night of the production of *Junius*; or, *the Household Gods*, at the PRINCESS'S Theatre, ought not to be permitted to divert our attention from the many noble qualities of Lord Lytton's play. The dramatic critic of the *Times*, whose unquestionable ability and praiseworthy outspokenness are unfortunately accompanied by a manifest want of sympathy with the poetical drama, has charged the author with writing in "a strange and stilted tongue," and with "revelling in inverted phraseology;" but, in the long extracts given by him, the reader looks in vain for any evidence in support of his charges. The truth is that the dialogue of *Junius* is remarkable for its vigour and directness, as well as for the poetical beauty of numerous passages. But it is complained that the story is meagre, and in proof of this a sort of synopsis of the action is given, which, being reduced to the barest essentials, seems to lend countenance to the complaint. There is, however, probably no poetical play in existence of which the plot might not be treated in the same fashion with a like result. Thus the story of *Macbeth* might, after the manner of this writer, be brought down to the form: "Act I.: Macbeth, excited by the witches, arouses ambition in his wife, who suggests the slaying of Duncan. Act II.: Macbeth slays Duncan. Act III.: Macbeth has Banquo murdered, and sees his ghost. Act IV.: Macduff calls upon his followers to swear vengeance. Act V.: Macduff kills Macbeth." The unfairness of this mode of setting forth the story of a poetical play is manifest. It purports to exhaust the action, while, in fact, it only cites the most prominent facts of each act. Moreover, though action is very important, it is certainly not the only essential in a play. When we are gravely told that "it is an elementary principle of play-writing that any idea, or sentiment, or belief to be conveyed to the house must be conveyed by action," we can only ask with wonderment when and where any such canon of dramatic art has ever been enunciated before, unless it has been in reference to the pure pantomime of the old Italian stage.

Assuredly there is not less of action in *Junius* than in Shakespeare's *Coriolanus* or *Julius Caesar*; and we need hardly say that there is infinitely more than in the classic tragedies of the French stage. The theme of *Junius* is the fulfilment of the destiny of the Tarquins through the outrage offered to the gods of Collatinus's household. Pursuing this idea with a strictly logical directness, the author has, with remarkable skill, interwoven the legend of the wrongs of Lucretia with the masked designs and patriotic fervour of Lucius Junius, and finally with the arousing of the popular spirit which is felt to be the death knell of the power and influence of the king and of his hated race. The king does not appear, nor is he a necessary factor in the story, which is only directly concerned with Sextus Tarquin, in whom the pride, tyranny, lust, and selfishness of his family are concentrated. Whoever will follow the performance at the Princess's with the careful attention which it deserves will perceive that to describe the play, as some have done, as merely setting forth the theme of Shakespeare's poem, is to mistake its spirit and purpose. One of the finest of its many fine passages is the description of the irresistible progress of the bier on which reposes the corpse of Lucretia, when guards and sentinels fall back they know not why, and brazen gates and portals open wide until the hideous spectacle meets the awestricken gaze of the tyrant in the inmost recesses of the palace. All this is scarcely intelligible if the spirit of the play, as indicated in the title, "the household gods," is missed.

We do not think that Mr. Wilson Barrett exhausts the capabilities of the part of Lucius Junius. The effective contrasts which lie in the Roman patriot's simulated weakness of intellect are missing in his performance, not so much because the dialogue fails to furnish material as because the actor neglects in great part these opportunities. This is, we suspect, because his sympathies incline most to the dignity of tragedy; and, on this side, Mr. Wilson Barrett's performance is undoubtedly noble and impressive. From first to last he is the predestined avenger—the chosen instrument of the gods. A majesty in his presence is felt even in the touching scene in which he reminds Lucretia of his early friendship and protection, and receives from her reciprocal expressions of affectionate attachment. Miss Eastlake has never, perhaps, played before with so fine a moderation, so true a note of tenderness, or, in due season, with so much concentration of passionate emotion, as she exhibits in the part of Lucretia. It is difficult to conceive anything more nobly pathetic, more delicately cadenced, more artistically proportioned with a view to a total effect, than is her delivery of the long and beautiful address in the fourth act. Mr. Charles Hudson's impersonation of Vindex, the Oscan slave, inclines dangerously to exaggeration, but is withal very picturesque. Of the remaining characters, with the exception of Miss Leighton's brief but imaginative performance as the Sibyl, there is not much to be said. Mr. Willard's delivery of verse is uncertain, his voice is harsh, his manner too suggestive of the conventional remorseful tyrant of old melodrama. The mounting of the play is magnificent. Mr. Godwin's "archæology" need not be too curiously inquired into. If the rude grandeur of the streets of old Rome, with their surroundings, and the magnificent interiors, owe more to the artist's dreams than to any other source, the "setting" does at least no violence to the story, while it stimulates the spectator's imagination, and lends legitimate aid to the dramatist's conceptions.

The revival of *Masks and Faces* at the HAYMARKET is officially announced to be "for a limited time only," and it is understood that it is to make way for other farewell revivals of old successes of the Bancroft management. Even more than ordinary care, however, has been brought to bear upon this bright and pleasing work. Mrs. Bancroft, who is the only recognised successor of Mrs. Stirling in the part of Peg Woffington, plays with no diminution of her old vivacity, and if passion and pathos are less in her way, she is too judicious an artist to fail altogether in these particulars. In Miss Calhoun the management have found a Mabel Vane who is the very ideal of the sweet-natured country wife, and Mr. Bancroft's Triplet has "begotten a smoothness" and attained a finer blend of eccentricity and pathos than it ever reached before. Every part, indeed, from Pomander and Ernest Vane, played respectively by Mr. Forbes-Robertson and Mr. Barrymore, to Mr. Kemble's Snarl, Mr. Wyatt's Soaper, and Mr. Brookfield's Colley Cibber, is enacted with a careful touch, in the true spirit of the play. No playgoer who can relish refined and finished acting should fail to avail himself of this, which is announced to be, and possibly may be, positively the

last revival of Messrs. Charles Reade's and Tom Taylor's play under Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft's direction.

Miss Jennie Lee, long absent from London, has made her reappearance at the STRAND Theatre in her original character of Jo, in Mr. Burnand's adaptation of "Bleak House."

A brilliant audience, including the Prince and Princess of Wales, witnessed the amateur performance on Saturday afternoon last, at the CRITERION, for the benefit of the fund for restoring Wolferton Church, near Sandringham. The most noticeable feature in the entertainment was the performance of Lady Arthur Hill's pretty operetta, called *The Lost Husband*, by Mrs. Godfrey Pearce, Mr. Cotford Dick, and Mr. Colnaghi. The programme will be repeated by the same performers, this afternoon, under the patronage of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, in aid of the fund for the wives and children of soldiers now in the Sudan.

Mr. Sims's new romantic drama will be produced at the ADELPHI on Saturday, April 4th.

The SAVOY Theatre will be closed next week to allow of the necessary rehearsals of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's new comic opera, the scene of which is laid in Japan.

Mr. G. W. Appleton's play, *A Fair Sinner*, produced at Miss Minnie Bell's *matinée*, at the Gaiety Theatre on Wednesday, is a drama of the romantic order, in which a daughter is represented as sacrificing herself for her father's sake, and afterwards dying heart-broken at having forsaken her lover to marry a rich baronet. There is little that is new, either in the story or the method of treatment adopted by the author, who has moreover been at great pains apparently to make his heroine and her lover as unsympathetic as possible. The tragic denouement was sudden, and came rather as a surprise upon the audience, whom it did not appear very deeply to affect. Miss Minnie Bell's performance of the heroine was vigorous, but at times mannered and artificial. Among the other performers were several who are unknown in London, and of these the most successful was Miss Evelyn Benedict, a very pleasing young actress.

"THE TRIUMPH OF THE INNOCENTS"

MR. HOLMAN HUNT adheres with the pertinacity of conviction to the principles and practice of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, of which he was a prominent member some forty years ago. His recently-finished picture, now on view at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, shows, together with extreme sincerity of purpose and imaginative power, the obscure symbolism, the insistence on detail, the fidelity to individual fact, and the disregard of general harmony and truth of effect, characteristic of the school. The subject is "The Flight of the Holy Family into Egypt," and Mr. Hunt has treated it in an entirely novel and original manner. He has conceived the fugitives in their passage over the plains of Philistia, accompanied by groups of naked, or nearly naked, children—the embodied spirits of the innocents slain by Herod in Bethlehem. A few of them, still bearing signs of suffering, are floating in the air, but the rest, with impetuous movement, are hurrying along in the foreground. There is nothing ethereal in the appearance of these figures; they are suffused with a glow of brilliant roseate light, and being painted with great realistic force, they stand out in stronger relief than anything in the picture. The Virgin, seated on a female ass with the infant Jesus in her arms, Joseph, who leads the ass, and the foal that follows her, are illumined only by the cold light of the waning moon. The artist has certainly not succeeded in bringing these conflicting influences of light and colour into harmony.

At first sight the picture is repelling, by reason of its garish colour and want of keeping; but it has many beauties, and is so full of carefully-considered matter that it cannot be rightly appreciated without close and prolonged examination. The face of the Virgin wears an austere expression, and is more dignified than beautiful; but the divine Child, who alone seems conscious of the presence of the Innocents, and stretches out his arms towards them, is of noble aspect and designed in a grand style. This figure and the central group of glorified infants in the foreground seem to us infinitely the finest parts of the picture. These youthful figures are graceful and spontaneous in their movements, admirably grouped, and drawn in masterly style. Bound with garlands of flowers and bearing various emblems of martyrdom, they walk on the surface of "the stream of eternal life," from which rise iridescent airy globes. In these may be discerned minute figures intended to image "the Jewish belief in the millennium that is to follow the advent of the Messiah." All these things are painted with the most elaborate completeness, but their symbolic significance is not obvious. Of this Mr. Hunt is apparently conscious, for he has issued a pamphlet explaining his purpose. Although it is deficient in some very important pictorial qualities, the work is thoroughly poetical in conception, and every part of it bears evidence of profound thought and patient labour.



THE PRINCE OF WALES, who with the Princess visited the Horse Show last week, has made a capital suggestion, which we hope to see carried out. A procession of dairy and cart horses on the Embankment on a Bank Holiday, or, as would be in accord with older observances, on May Day, would probably afford a valuable stimulus to the public interest in the good breeding and keeping of the heavy horses which are used for work in our great cities. The spectacle, if well-organised and arranged, might be an exceedingly handsome and interesting one. Prizes would have to be given for the best teams and so forth.

THE CART HORSE SHOW just held has been in every way successful, and the increase of numbers is very great, the stallions in 1883 being nearly four times as many as in 1880, the opening year of the Association. The Champion Cup for the best animal of either sex in the Hall goes to a two-year-old colt. Class IV., for stallions foaled in 1882, had the enormous entry of eighty-four colts. A competent critic remarks: "We do not think that we ever saw so many good colts of one age, of any breed, at any Show in England before. The class fully equalled the very best displays of Clydesdales at any meeting of the Highland Society." The class for colts foaled in 1883 contained seventy-seven entries, many of them rough and raw, but others of exceptionally fine promise.

POTATOES last year were a good crop in England, and a large one in the North, yet prices are so low that there is said to be a net loss to growers. Regents keep up in price to 50s. or 60s. a ton, but Champions and Magnums realise only 25s. to 30s. It is an understood rule among farmers that unless potatoes realise from 14s. to 18s. per acre, according to the amount expended on manuring, the growth will not be profitable. The return per acre on the recent crop ranges from 10s. to 14s. per acre only, very seldom exceeding the latter figure. Imports being large, an advance in price is not likely, at all events, for some time to come. The discouragement of potato cultivation is very unfortunate, as there has been of recent years a great abatement of disease, and scientific seedsmen have been successful in developing varieties which are both stronger and more prolific than the older sorts.

CART HORSE BREEDING formed the subject of a paper by Mr. Frederick Street, read at the South Kensington Museum last week, the Duke of Westminster presiding. Mr. Street advocated holding stallion shows in the spring instead of the summer. A stallion fed up like a fat bullock in early spring is comparatively useless for the first five or six weeks. The stallion which has worked in the team will not only be the sire of perhaps 30 per cent. more foals than the horse which is daily losing flesh, but will continue in condition, and his stock will possess more muscular power and harder constitutions.

POULTRY KEEPERS need in many cases reminding that for fowls to be in good health they must have natural means of cleansing themselves, and must accordingly have provided for them a good dust bath. In the summer season, when at liberty, they can generally find a place by the roadside or under a hedge in which to disport themselves, but if in confinement, or when the season is wet and cold, they cannot do this. In any case, it is better to provide a good dust bath which can be placed in the covered run. It should be deep, quite fifteen inches, and fine ashes, with a little carbolic powder and black sulphur, will form a first-rate cleansing and insecticide "bath."

DAIRY FARMING.—A correspondent says:—"I find that on my grass land, which is of but light quality, about 11 quarts of milk are required to produce a pound of butter. I have had within the month of February four churnings of milk, averaging about 100 quarts each, carefully measured, and the produce weighed, the result being a pound of butter for 7.3-5ths quarts of milk from pure-bred Ayrshire cows, the food being ensilage roots and cotton cake." This is a very good record.

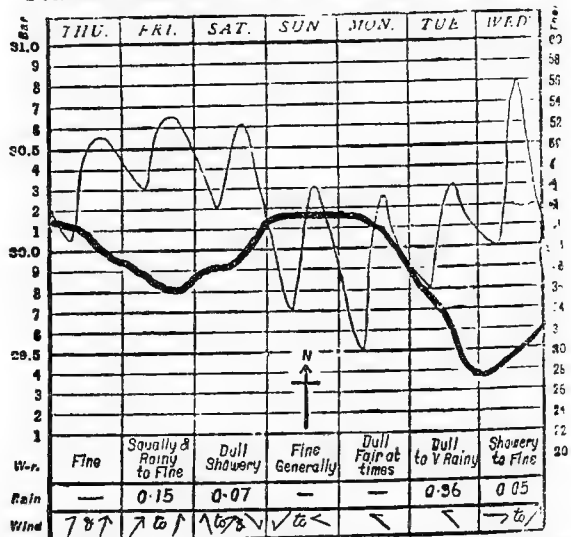
ENSILAGE FOR MILCH KINE.—A few weeks ago the Corporation of Crewe instructed the manager of the sewage farm to test the relative value of ensilage and hay in the feeding of milking cattle, and the following statement was issued on Saturday:—Two milking cows fed on ensilage consumed in two weeks 1,130 lbs. of ensilage, or 43 lbs. a day each, which at 9d. per cwt. amounted to 7s. 6d.; 312 lbs. of hay at 3s. per cwt., 8s. 4d.; 68 lbs. of turnips, 5d.; 168 lbs. of oats at 3s. per bushel, 10s. The total yield of milk from the two cows for the fortnight was 1,007 lbs., and the cost of the food 17. 6s. 3d. Two cattle fed without ensilage consumed in the same period of time 656 lbs. of hay, which at 3s. per cwt. came to 17s. 6d.; 420 lbs. of turnips, 2s. 10d.; 168 lbs. of oats, 10s. Total yield of milk for the two weeks, 917 lbs. Cost of food, 17. 10s. 4d. This experiment is a striking confirmation of the value of the new compressed fodder.

PRIMROSES are all the better for being annually transplanted. Thus treated, the blooms come finer and more abundant than on plants left in one position for years, and it is also found very beneficial to plant deeply, almost burying the fleshy crowns that in bare ground soon get exposed to drying winds and trying periods of drought. If transplanted just after blooming they strike out fresh roots that greatly invigorate them. The wild woodland primrose has its crowns buried beneath the falling leaves and decaying herbage, and in the spring pushes through this covering. As regards cultivated sorts the single white primrose is perhaps the best blooming of all. It flowers right through the winter, long before the hardy wild ones show their yellow blooms.

THE HACKNEY AND THOROUGHBRED STALLION HORSE SHOW, on Tuesday and Wednesday, like the Shire Horse Show, attracted the Prince of Norfolk Farmers and his family, and was a very encouraging first-show success. Probably there is more good work to be done with the Hackney classes than with any other horses.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, 1883



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during the greater part of the past week has been mild, unsettled, and showery. At the commencement of the time depression skirted our north-western coasts in a northerly direction (pressure meanwhile being high over France), and while southerly gales were experienced over Ireland and Scotland on Thursday (26th ult.), moderate breezes prevailed elsewhere. Mild, cloudy, and rainy weather predominated generally, with most in the west. In the course of Friday (27th ult.) the mercury rose suddenly in the west, and spreading over the kingdom, a long band of high pressure was formed over Scotland and the north-eastern parts of England by Sunday morning (1st inst.). This produced northerly and easterly winds, with drier and finer but much colder weather. After Sunday (1st inst.) the high-pressure area moved away eastwards, and a fresh series of depressions approached our western shores from the Atlantic. During Tuesday night (3rd inst.) one of these moved inland, while at the same time another (smaller) passed eastwards across country to Holland. The barometer now fell quickly generally (see accompanying diagram), and while strong southerly winds or slight gales were felt on the western stations, light or moderate breezes prevailed in the east. The weather now again became mild, cloudy, and showery, with fog on the coast, but bright intervals occurred at several of our southern stations. The close of the week little or no change in the weather was indicated. The barometer was highest (30.17 inches) on Sunday (1st inst.); lowest (29.36 inches) on Tuesday (3rd inst.); range, 0.81 inches. Temperature was highest (56°) on Wednesday (4th inst.); lowest (30°) on Monday (2nd inst.); range, 26°. Rain fell on four days. Total amount, 0.63 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.36 inches on Tuesday (3rd inst.).

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.—A few days before the late Mr. Cameron, of the *Standard*, left for the Sudan, he took three or four lessons in photography—an art with which he was wholly unacquainted—at the studio of the London Stereoscopic Company. With his usual promptitude, he at once put what he had learned into practice; and with such good effect that a number of his photographs have been published by the above-mentioned firm. Many of them are exceedingly good, and all are interesting as absolutely truthful representations of incidents of the campaign, and as showing how easy it is to acquire a knowledge of photography. As a few hours of practical demonstration are worth weeks of theoretical teaching in photography, many would-be knights of the camera may be glad to avail themselves of the gratuitous course of lectures which the London Stereoscopic Company now give to their customers.

LEGAL

ON THURSDAY LAST WEEK began, before Mr. Justice Hannen, sitting without a jury, the painful and protracted proceedings in the matrimonial suit in which the Earl of Durham asks for a declaration of the nullity of his marriage with Miss Ethel Milner on the ground of her alleged insanity at the time of marriage. Lady Durham's insanity now and not long after marriage is not denied, but her relatives defend the suit on the ground that she was sane at the time of the marriage. From the rank, position, and connections of the parties in the suit, the case has created great and general interest. Among the counsel engaged in it are the Solicitor-General and Mr. Inderwick, Q.C., for the plaintiff, and the Attorney-General, Q.C., for the respondent. As the trial is proceeding, a *résumé* is reserved.

ON MONDAY AND TUESDAY the preliminary proceedings at Bow Street in the case of the alleged dynamitards, Cunningham and Burton, were resumed, and continued with some very important results. The original charge against them of having been privy to the explosion at the Tower was soon expanded to embrace their participation in that in the tunnel between King's Cross and Gower Street Stations, and now it is being further expanded into one of complicity in almost all the dynamite explosions which have been perpetrated since Burton's arrival at Southampton on the 20th February last year. On the following 25th, portmanteaus similarly packed with dynamite, to be exploded by clockwork acting on the trigger of a pistol, were deposited in the cloak-rooms of Charing Cross, Ludgate Hill, Paddington, and Victoria Stations, at which last-mentioned station a destructive explosion did take place. The evidence adduced this week tended distinctly to connect Burton as the purchaser and possessor—he not only bought it, but had it repaired at Southampton—of the particular portmanteau, packed with dynamite, which after the Victoria Station explosion was

found at Charing Cross, the pistol having missed fire. The witness from Southampton, who sold the portmanteau, also swore that part of a coat found in the same portmanteau was identical with that which Burton wore at the time of the purchase. These were the most pregnant items of the fresh evidence adduced this week, and their extreme importance is unmistakable.

A DECISION, this week, of Lord Coleridge and Mr. Justice A. L. Smith, sitting as a Divisional Court, conveys a warning to givers of parties who provide mats for their guests to traverse on their way from their carriages to the doors of their entertainers. One evening last March such a carriage carpet was laid down before the door, in Portland Place, of Colonel Ellis, who was giving a dinner-party, and just as a lady alighting from her carriage walked along it and entered the house, a high wind seems to have been blowing, and to have turned up the edge of the carpet, over which stumbled an elderly woman who was passing at the time, and falling on her forehead received serious injury. She sued Colonel Ellis for damages in the Middlesex County Court, and swore that the door of the house was closed when she fell, and that she did not see the carpet. The defendant's footman, on the other hand, swore that the street-door was wide open, and that there was a chandelier in the hall besides the lamp over the door, and the lamps in the carriage, which had not driven off at the time of the accident. The County Court judge left the matter to a jury, who gave the plaintiff 50s. damages. Colonel Ellis appealed to the Divisional Court for a new trial on the ground that the plaintiff had been neglectful of her own safety. The Court, however, held that the conflicting evidence on this point had been a point for the jury to decide, and the new trial was refused.

BORROWERS WHO WISH to avoid publicity being given to their impecuniosity should avoid bills of sale, which to be valid must be registered. The head-master of a Wesleyan school in Cheshire, who professed total ignorance of these documents, gave one to a

money lender, who promised, both in his advertisement, and after making the advance, that the strictest secrecy would be observed. Of course the bill of sale was registered, and this came to the knowledge of the schoolmaster's employers, who in several ways visited him with their displeasure. A liberal offer made by him to the money-lender to procure the return of the bill of sale was refused, and the matter being brought into Court, a verdict favourable to the schoolmaster was this week given by a London jury. The presiding Judge, Mr. Justice Wills, who animadverted severely on the mendacity of the money-lender's advertisement, gave judgment for the schoolmaster with costs, on condition of his repayment of the balance of the loan, without the heavy interest which would otherwise have been due from him. But double publicity has thus been given to the transaction, which the unfortunate defendant hoped would never be known to the outer world.

MR. F. N. CHARRINGTON, a member of the well-known family of brewers, has given up a lucrative position in the brewery to devote himself to mission work at the East End, where he has built a mission hall. Close to it is a music hall, at the entrance to which Mr. Charrington has been in the habit of denouncing it in unmeasured language, both orally and in tracts distributed to the passers by. The frequenters of the Hall have avenged themselves by assailing Mr. Charrington, and its proprietors prosecuted him for creating a nuisance, and for slandering them. The case came on on Tuesday before Mr. Justice Chitty, who decided that any nuisance created had not been caused by Mr. Charrington, who had distributed his tracts quietly, and allowed himself to be maltreated, but by those who resented his proceedings. On the other hand, Mr. Charrington had libelled the plaintiffs' music hall, which was well conducted, by distributing leaflets headed "This Way to Hell," and otherwise. An injunction was accordingly granted, restraining him from libelling or slandering the plaintiffs; but as neither side had been entirely successful each was adjudged to pay its own costs.

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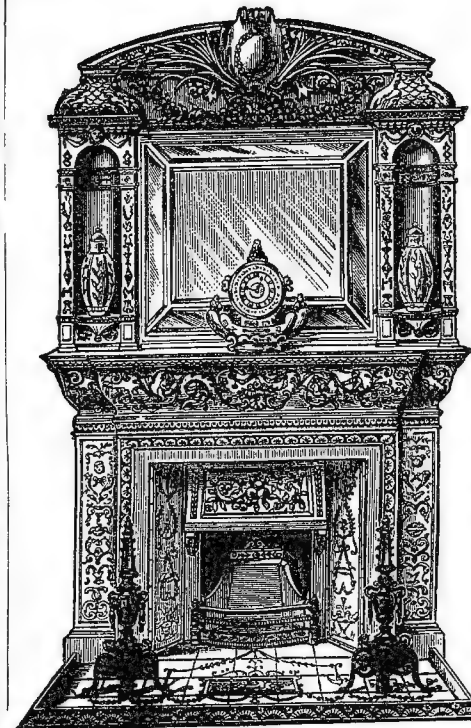
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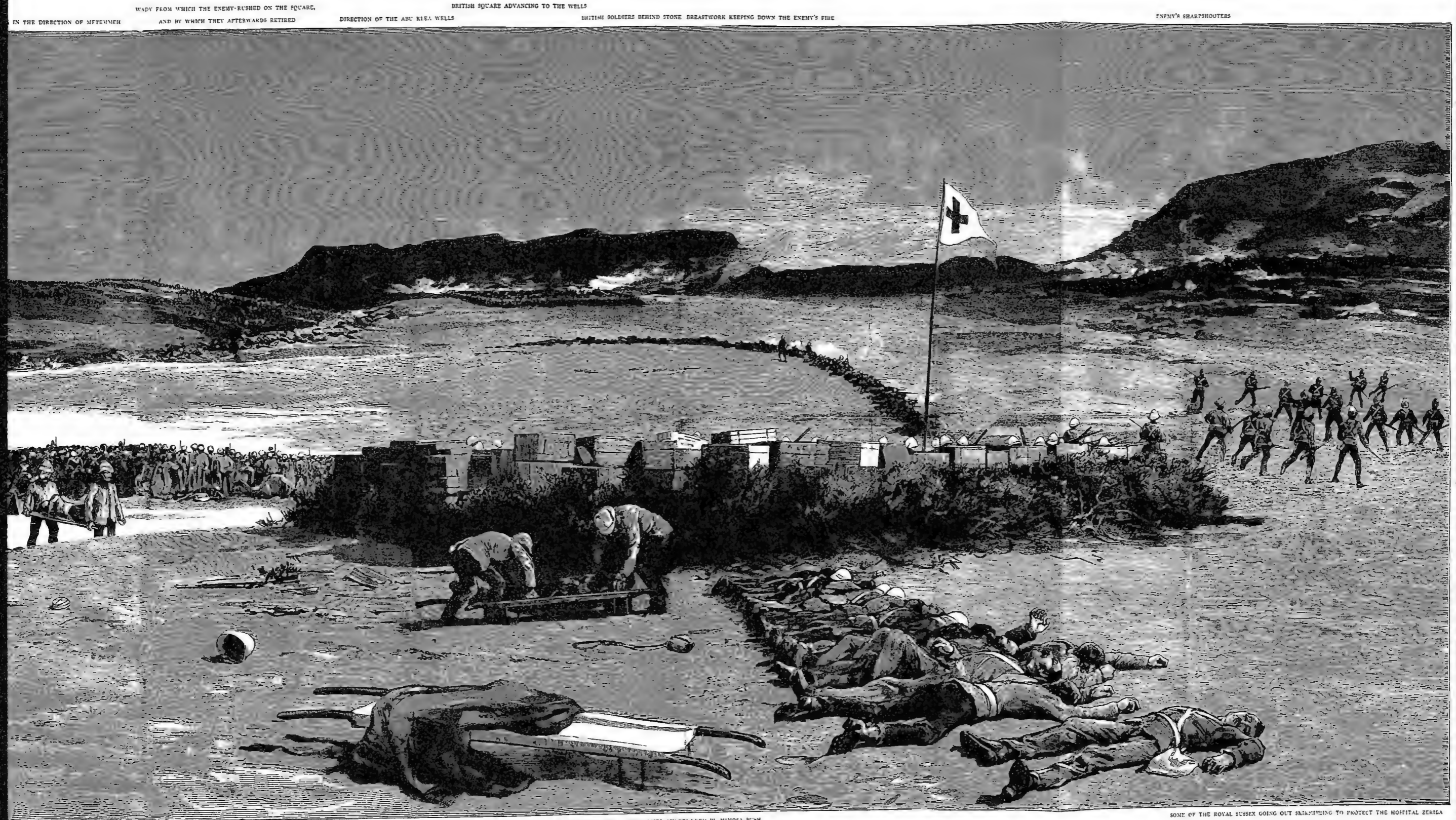


MEN OF ROYAL SUSSEX GOING OUT SKIRMISHING ON RIGHT OF POSITION

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FROM A SKETCH BY MR. F. VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL ART



ER THE BATTLE, JAN. 17: THE FIGHTING SQUARE ADVANCING TO THE WELLS
ILLIERS. OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE SOUDAN EXPEDITION



DRAWN BY ROBERT BARNES

"One morning, at their early breakfast, Dr. Fairford said to his wife, 'Your cousin begins to find it very dull here, Eliza.'"

COUSIN ISIDOR: A NOVELETTE

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "AMONG ALIENS," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," &C., &C.

CHAPTER V.

RUSTICATION

MR. WEEKES had no special taste for rurality; but when the weather was fine he found it agreeable to stroll in the fragrant old-fashioned garden, and to be driven along the shady lanes in the neighbourhood. For the first three or four days Mrs. Fairford herself drove the quiet old ponies. But after that she relinquished the reins to her younger daughters, who took it by turns to have the honour of conducting Cousin Isidor through the pleasant ways around King's Casby. Rosalind was never told off for this service, although her brother had remarked in their visitor's presence that Rosy was by far the best whip of the three girls. But the truth was that Mrs. Fairford considered her eldest daughter to be a sort of *enfant terrible*, whose blunt sincerity was irrepressible by any of her mother's hints and injunctions. Celia and Imogen, several years younger, were amenable to instructions; and, moreover, they had quite a genuine admiration for their mother's talents and accomplishments. James was away a good deal at his own farm, situated about five miles from King's Casby; and was in fact partly refurbishing the house, and making preparations for taking up his abode there altogether. Dr. Fairford worked hard in his profession, and had not much leisure to dispose of. Thus it ensued that Mr. Weekes was thrown almost exclusively into the company of the mistress of the house and her younger daughters.

After nearly a week the daily stroll in the garden, and the daily drive in the lanes, began to bore Mr. Weekes. And, although he scarcely admitted it to himself, the company of Mrs. Fairford and Celia and Imogen began to bore him too. Eliza was very appreciative—highly so. But she was also, Mr. Weekes found, somewhat vain. That strain of frivolity which had run through her character as a girl, had by no means so completely disappeared as Mr. Weekes had at first supposed. There were times when Eliza offended his taste—was, in short, almost vulgar. Such occasions arose chiefly when, some friend or acquaintance calling at the Red House, she would yield to her inclination for "showing off," and pass the limits of what Mr. Weekes considered good breeding. It was not merely that she vaunted her Cousin Isidor's literary reputation, and spoke of him in his presence as a traveller of European distinction. These things, although stated so crudely, were substantially true. But the worst was that Mrs. Fairford would proceed to couple herself with her Cousin Isidor as being both persons of unusual culture; to talk of the "family talents;"

and to quote from her own verses written in friends' albums. This threw a sort of ridicule over Mr. Weekes himself, as he was quick to feel. Celia and Imogen, too, were mere provincial schoolgirls, unable to stand any sort of comparison with beautiful, quick-witted Enid Milbury, who, even in her sauciest moods, was a lady to the finger-tips. Rosalind he considered merely as a plainish young woman of blunt manners, who appeared to find congenial occupation in the poultry-yard, dairy, and kitchen; and of James he scarcely thought at all.

One morning, at their early breakfast, which meal Mr. Weekes took in his room, Dr. Fairford said to his wife, "Your cousin begins to find it very dull here, Eliza."

"Dull! What has put that into your head, Godfrey?"

"A very cursory observation of him."

"I see no symptoms of the kind. He is never neglected."

Either I, or Celia, or Imogen are always with him."

"I'm afraid that's no presumption against his being dull."

"Now that's so like you, Godfrey; always belittling your family. As to the dear girls, I wonder you can speak so of your own children."

"I don't find them dull,—bless them! But you see they are not Weekes's own children."

Mrs. Fairford threw up her chin an inch or so higher than usual, at the same time raising her eyebrows and shrugging her shoulders, to express a disdainful, yet resigned, sense of the uselessness of arguing with Godfrey when once he had taken anything into his head. Nevertheless her husband's words were not without effect on her. She watched Isidor more attentively, and began to devise means of amusing him.

One of his chief resources after the first day or two of his stay at the Red House was to write letters to Lady Milbury and Enid. He sent four within a week. Before he left London he had requested Enid to write to him, and her mother so far prevailed with her as to induce her to send him a short note enclosed in one of her own letters. Mr. Weekes flattered himself that he must make a brilliant effect on Enid by his correspondence. He was secretly conscious of being sometimes too nervous and irritable in speaking with that young lady to do himself full justice. He missed fire occasionally; than which nothing is more disconcerting. But in a letter he had full command of his powers; and we know that he specially prided himself on his letter-writing. Mr. Weekes's epistles did not contain much that could be called news. They were rather concerned in setting forth how right Mr. Weekes's opinions were upon things in

general. Still, here and there they contained passages descriptive of the life he led at the Red House, and comments on its inmates. Of his cousin Eliza he wrote at first under the impression created by her letter of invitation—an impression which was not weakened or changed for some time after his arrival. The younger girls were "amiable, guileless creatures; unformed as yet, but with the makings of gentlewomen." Rosalind was "a young woman of the *stocking-darning* order; apparently given up to a *bourgeois* species of domesticity. *Du reste*, with deplorably unfinished manners, and, it was to be feared, little susceptible of polish." Of James he wrote, "The young man is, I fear, an oaf. I would not, however, positively pronounce as yet. Still there is a coarseness about his pursuits and tendencies which is discouraging. One could scarcely suppose him to have taken his degree at *Alma Mater*. This morning he honoured us with his company at luncheon, and carried on a protracted discussion with Dr. Fairford on the subject of *manure*. I was compelled to have recourse to my *eau-de-Cologne* flask." This passage occurred in a letter to Lady Milbury, and the writer added, "Enid will be amused at this specimen of our bucolic manners at King's Casby. By the way, a little of Enid's society, in her best mood (free, that is to say, from the influence of pretentious *ignoramus*es who talk *slang*, and think they are talking Art), would be valuable to her younger cousins. Celia and Imogen might profit immensely by seeing what Lord Byron somewhere calls 'that thorough-bred air which I dote upon;' and which Enid undoubtedly possesses."

This idea that Enid's society might be valuable to her cousins was the result of a previous idea—that it would be agreeable to himself. He really found *toujours perdrix*, in the shape of Mrs. Fairford and the girls, becoming oppressive. The neighbours who were occasionally invited to spend the evening or to dine at the Red House had as yet done nothing on behalf of the country to redeem the credit of England, so sadly shaken by the coolness of Mr. Weekes's reception in town. Previous to the first dinner party given in his honour, Mrs. Fairford had declared that several of her friends and neighbours were dying to make his acquaintance, and that it really was not fair to keep him all to themselves.

"Do you suppose they know anything about me, my dear Eliza?" asked Mr. Weekes, half mistrustfully, half complacently. "Oh, Cousin Isidor!" exclaimed the lady, clasping her hands and arching her spine backwards, "you are too severe on King's Casby! Know anything about the author of 'Three Years in Jamaica' and 'Pomegranate Blossoms from the South?' King's Casby may

not be Athens, but we are *not* Boetians!" (By which Mrs. Fairford meant Boetians).

Mr. Weekes, with a lively remembrance of Mrs. Devayne in his mind, didn't feel so sure of that. Nor did the result of the dinner-party entirely dissipate his misgivings. In fact, it was after that first festivity that Mr. Weekes began to yearn for a glimpse of Enid. He dropped a hint the next morning about the possibility of her coming. He repeated it at luncheon; but in neither case did Mrs. Fairford appear eager to anticipate his meaning. She let the subject drop, with a little murmured speech to the effect that poor dear Enid was not without nice qualities if she had not been so deplorably spoilt!

Mr. Weekes, divining no reason why Eliza should object to invite Enid Milbury, resolved to put the proposal before her more explicitly.

It so happened that the moment he chose for making his suggestion was a fortunate one. Dr. Fairford and his son were present as well as the ladies of the family. They had all been dining together, and were sitting in the drawing-room. The long windows giving access to the garden were wide open; and the smell of roses and heliotropes was wafted in very delightfully. Their fresh perfume inspired Mr. Weekes with a happy thought.

"I think, my dear Eliza," he began, "that it would be kind in you, if you see no objection, to persuade Enid Milbury to pay you a visit. Her mother writes to me that Enid is a little fatigued by the numerous engagements of the season. And it certainly would be good for her to inhale some of this country fragrance, after the atmosphere of London ball-rooms."

Mrs. Fairford looked disconcerted, and said, hesitatingly, "Oh! Really? Do you think so?" But Dr. Fairford struck in with cordial approval. "By all means!" said he. "It's a capital idea, Weekes. We'll ask her at once."

"How like you, Godfrey!" exclaimed his wife, with a melancholy smile. "You never consider the domestic possibilities. Our hearts are, I trust, not very narrow, but our house—"

"Nonsense! There's plenty of room now that Jim has migrated to Applecote Farm."

Here Celia and Imogen broke in enthusiastically. "Oh, yes, mamma! I'm sure we could manage capitally! And if Enid would like our room best, we shouldn't mind moving to Jim's." But their mother bade them, with unexpected asperity, to hold their tongues. Then resuming as much of her accustomed high-flown manner as she could muster, she said to her husband, "Nor do you stop to consider, Godfrey, whether such a visit would be agreeable to Enid. Poor dear Enid has been so sadly spoiled by the adulation of one little circle, I fear—"

"We will give her the chance of refusing, at any rate, my dear. Lady Milbury was very good-natured to our children when they were in town two years ago. And so was Enid. We really owe them this little civility. I'm very much obliged to Weekes for suggesting it. Come sit down, Eliza, and write a note at once."

So Mrs. Fairford's reluctance was overcome; chiefly because she could not in Mr. Weekes's presence give her real reasons for it. And when afterwards she privately reproached her husband for bringing into the house a rival to their own daughters in Cousin Isidor's affections, Dr. Fairford entirely refused to accept her view.

"You're a goose, Eliza," said he, with marital candour. "You can't shut up the old fellow here for the rest of his life, and let him see nobody but our family, can you? And if you could, it wouldn't be politic. As I hinted to you the other day, Weekes gets bored by the girls when he has too much of them. If you want to keep him here, make his stay pleasant. Otherwise—there's Dunster Station not very far off, and escape will be easy!"

CHAPTER VI.

FASCINATION

THE same post which carried Mrs. Fairford's invitation brought two other letters from King's Casby to the Milbury's house. One was a long epistle from Mr. Weekes to Lady Milbury, strongly urging that Enid should pay a visit to the Red House, and plainly stating that her presence there would be a great comfort and pleasure to him. The second was a letter from Jim Fairford to Charley Milbury, wherein the young owner of Applecote Farm suggested that Charley should come down and stay with him in September, at which culminating epoch of the year there was good shooting to be had in the immediate neighbourhood.

Lady Milbury looked on Isidor Weekes' letter as a triumph for her Enid. Mrs. Fairford's invitation was clearly due to him. She had never thought of asking Enid to visit her before. And there were obvious reasons why she would not have done so just now, except under strong pressure. "I think it is almost equivalent to declaring that he means to make Enid his heiress," said Lady Milbury to her husband. "And perhaps he has taken this way to let the Fairfords understand as much, and check any vain hopes on their part. I do hope you will let her go, Peter."

Sir Peter also thought that this proof of the old man's partiality was significant. But it was not wholly that which moved him to favour the idea of his daughter's accepting the invitation. He did favour it, in spite of his contempt for Mr. Fairford, and his general dislike to cultivating any intimacy with the family whom he looked down upon. The superiority of civilised over savage man has been said to consist mainly in the power of postponing the present to the future. Measured by this definition there was a good deal of the savage about General Sir Peter Milbury. He was apt to view whatever he wanted to-day, as being more desirable than something else which he was likely to want to-morrow. What he immediately desired was to go off to Kissingen for his annual cure, and to be the object of Lady Milbury's exclusive care and attention during his stay there. Enid hated Kissingen, and Sir Peter did not want her there. The invitation to King's Casby thus came as a welcome way out of a little difficulty—the difficulty, that is to say, of having things exactly as Sir Peter Milbury wished them. Charley, too, was in favour of it. He very much liked the idea of spending a portion of the vacation at Applecote, having a well-grounded faith in Jim Fairford's assurance that he could offer him good shooting. In short, Enid would have found herself confronted with a formidable majority if she had opposed the idea of going to King's Casby. But she did not oppose it. On the contrary, she took to it very kindly. "I always get on with Rosalind," she said to her mother. "And it will be living a real country life; not London out of town, like Mrs. Devayne's or the Rotherhams'. I can wear a cotton frock until dinner-time, and get as sunburned as I please. And what a blessing to get rid of the society people! I think it will be delicious. There's only one drawback—Mr. Weekes! But he will have Mrs. Fairford to listen to his harangues, and I can keep out of his way."

A very gracious acceptance was despatched to Mrs. Fairford, and a special letter to Cousin Isidor, announcing Enid's arrival at the end of the week. Mr. Weekes was delighted, as he said. And a little surprised—as he did not say. He had felt very uncertain as to what Miss Enid might choose to do; and very certain that whatever that might be she would do it! Rosalind was radiant. The younger girls were eagerly interested in the arrival of this London cousin who had been presented at Court, and the description of whose costume on that occasion they had read with their own eyes in print. Dr. Fairford looked smiling and satisfied in his own silent way. Mrs. Fairford alone maintained an air of melancholy resignation. There was a sort of snifty sweetness about her. She was

serene. She was magnanimous. She was devoted to the wishes of Cousin Isidor. But she sniffed. And she had no idea of hiding her self-sacrifice under a bushel.

This shining virtue, however, was not as yet manifest to Enid Milbury arriving at Dunster one golden August day. The pony-chaise, driven by Dr. Fairford's servant, was there to meet her. But there was also a smart country gig belonging to Mr. James Fairford, of Applecote, and its owner stood bareheaded on the platform as the train drew up.

"I happened to have a little business at the station," he said, after he had handed Enid out and seen that her luggage was duly taken from the van; "so I thought I would wait and see if I could do anything for you."

"That's very kind. But you are more sincere than gallant," returned Enid, smiling brightly.

"How so?"

"Oh, don't you see? You might have dropped all mention of the business at the station, and taken credit for having come wholly and solely to meet me."

Jim coloured more than might have been expected under this mild railleury. But, fixing his eyes on Enid, he answered quietly, "Yes; but that would have been so very unlikely, you know. They would scarcely have believed such a statement at home. So I said nothing to them on the subject."

It was now Enid's turn to blush. "Oh, then your people don't know you are here?" she said quickly.

"No; I drove straight from Applecote. Is this all the luggage you have? You are very moderate for a fashionable London young lady! Do you know I think your trunk would go in the gig if we stuck it up on end. And then Wilkins could take it to the Red House, and I could drive you and your dressing-bag—or your dressing-bag and you; for it is the heavier of the two, I fancy—in the pony-chaise. If you don't mind?" he added.

It appeared that Enid did not mind. So the arrangement was speedily made, and they were soon rolling along the white road, dappled with tree-shadows.

"I'm glad you have such a fine day for your first impression of the place," said Jim.

"Oh lovely! And what a pretty country! I think hops are the most picturesque plants that grow."

"I hope you will be able to content yourself a little while in our country life. It isn't exciting, you know."

"I think that being alive is excitement enough on such a day as this. Besides, you don't really suppose that I perpetually crave for balls and routs and kettle-drums, and that sort of thing? On the contrary, I believe I was cut out by Nature for a rural life."

"Do you?" returned Jim, looking at her with an intent glance. Enid's bright eyes, which had been roaming over the landscape, met his for a moment, and then the long dark lashes drooped over them, and she began in a hurried, embarrassed way, very unlike her usual self-possessed manner, to ask after Mrs. Fairford and the girls. These questions being satisfactorily answered, there ensued a short pause. After which Enid said, "And you are quite settled at Applecote now? Is it a pretty place? Please tell me all about it."

"If you really would care to hear."

"I care very much. Of course one hates the idea of making speeches; but I so often have wanted to say to you how much I— I admire—and respect the way you went into that life."

A sudden radiance, which was not due to the August sunshine, brightened Jim's face. But he answered almost gruffly, after his shy English fashion, "Oh, it was a very simple matter."

"It is just because you take it so simply that I—that one feels—I guessed something of the truth at the time; because I had always heard Charley say how you had set your heart on going to the Bar when you were at Balliol. And then that year when your sisters were in town, Rosalind told me that you had given it all up, in order not to be a burthen on your father, and to help him to make some provision for the girls; and how you took to farming Applecote, and—"

"Oh, nonsense! Rosalind shouldn't blow my trumpet in that way."

"Rosalind never blows any trumpets. She only told the bare truth."

"Besides, I like farming."

"You made a sacrifice in taking to it then."

"Anyhow I like it now very much. I don't think I can set up as a hero on the strength of Applecote. I hope I'm actually on the way to making a good thing of it,—within quite modest limits, you know."

"I'm so glad. And now do tell me all about it. Won't you?"

Jim was still discoursing of Applecote Farm; of the possibilities of improving it; of the money he had made last year by his hops; of the chance he had of buying some adjoining acres at a low price; of his views as to a flower-garden he was about to lay out close to the dwelling; and of many more details concerning his little estate, when they arrived at the Red House.

This time Mrs. Fairford was not standing on the steps to welcome her guest. But at the sound of the wheels the girls came running out, and Mr. Weekes, looking quite tropical under the shade of a Panama hat and a white umbrella, appeared from the garden at the back of the house. His greeting, although marked by his usual ceremonious politeness, was scarcely less cordial than Rosalind's. Celia and Imogen were enthusiastic and talked both at once, louder than was agreeable to Cousin Isidor's fastidious taste. "Only fancy Jim being at the station!" cried Celia. "Yes; and he never said a word to anybody! I could have gone in the gig with him if I had known," said Imogen, seizing Enid's dust cloak to carry into the house, whilst Celia charged herself with the dressing-bag. "It's a shame! I believe he did it on purpose to have Enid all to himself," continued Imogen. And then they exclaimed in chorus, "Yes, yes; that's it! You're just found out, Master Jim!" with a boisterous playfulness which made Mr. Weekes shudder, and glance deprecatingly at Enid as though to bespeak her tolerance. But Enid had obviously no thought of turning up her nose. She laughed and kissed the younger girls with as much heartiness as, if less boisterousness than, their own; and then they almost hustled her into Mrs. Fairford's presence. That lady was in the drawing-room, and received her young cousin very graciously—with such marked graciousness, in fact, as to convey the impression that she was performing an act of unusual self-sacrifice, but at the same time magnanimously begging everybody not to mention it.

"And how is Enid?" she said, lifting her cheek to be kissed, and then holding both Enid's hands in hers as she looked up at her. "Ah!" with a shake of the head and a smile of pensive melancholy, "the season—the all-devouring season—has left its traces on Enid's complexion. Well, well, we will hope that our pure King's Casby air and healthful peaceful life may repair some of these ravages." As though Enid had been an elderly *bon-vivant* sent into the country by a despairing council of doctors. It was the same all through the evening. The key-note of Mrs. Fairford's demeanour towards the girl was expressed by calling her "Poor dear Enid." This mysterious, undefined, mildly melancholy compassion was a kind of treatment which could neither be resented nor resisted. It might even have availed to cast a shade of constraint and oppression over the whole party. But the good spirits of the young ones carried all before them. Dr. Fairford, too, was unusually talkative; and Mr. Weekes was absolutely sprightly. He joined in a game of Twenty Questions; brought out from some obscure cranny of his

memory several conundrums which were so old as to have become new again; recited some desperately satirical verses which he had written in the album of a lady in Jamaica, and chuckled over them so enjoyingly himself as to spread a contagion of laughter among the others; and finally, after many rambling reminiscences of Enid's mother at Enid's age, he insisted that Enid should go to the piano, and wind up the evening by singing "Auld Lang Syne;" when he was seen to open and shut his mouth with an emphatic movement of the jaws, and to join inaudibly in the chorus at the end of each verse!

"She is an enchanting creature," said he, as he closed the door upon Enid and her cousins, and waited whilst Jim was lighting his bedchamber candlestick. "She is made of exquisitely fine clay throughout. There is no veneer. Enid is never more charming than when she is thoughtlessly and unguardedly herself." (The fact was that Mr. Weekes had never before passed so many hours in Enid's society without having been more or less snubbed by her.)

"Ah, Cousin Isidor, beware how you let her hear such speeches!" said Mrs. Fairford, with a certain tightness in her smile. "From a common person they might not have much effect. But from you they would only foster the poor dear girl's besetting weaknesses. However, you are right. She was more natural and unaffected to-night than I have seen her for years. There may be some good influence at work already—the simplicity of our home life—the absence of pretence, perhaps! Who knows?"

"Pooh! my dear. All the simplicity we can muster won't turn out such girls as Enid Milbury," said Dr. Fairford. "Not even if, like Dogberry, we could find it in our hearts to bestow all our tediousness on her into the bargain."

Then Mrs. Fairford felt that she had to fight her battle against cruel odds. It was all very fine for Godfrey to talk in that way; but when his own children were shouldered out of a chance of fortune he would be sorry. Meanwhile the burthen was all on her back, and she felt herself an injured woman.

(To be continued)



FEW men have survived greater hardships or encountered greater dangers than Mr. George W. Melville, Chief Engineer U.S.N., whose "In the Lena Delta" has been edited by Mr. Melville Phillips, and published by Messrs. Longmans. This volume includes the narrative of the search for Lieutenant-Commander De Long and his companions, and an account of the Greely Relief Expedition. Mr. Melville was one of the survivors from the unfortunate *Jeannette*. On his escape from the perils of the Arctic Seas to the mouth of the Lena, he was the principal agent in the recovery of the remains of his less fortunate commanding officer. One of the great attractions of the narrative is the lively picture given of the life and manners of the inhabitants of the dreary wastes of northernmost Siberia. The search for Greely and his party is not so interesting in its incidents as the story of the *Jeannette*. Mr. Melville is by no means daunted by what he has endured; and he is quite prepared to go on another Arctic expedition if his method of reaching the North Pole is adopted. In the first place, he would establish depôts on feasible lines of retreat, of which the exploring party might avail themselves in case of accident, or on their return. He would with his companions proceed along Franz Joseph Land, which, he is of opinion, may extend to 85 deg. north, and then make a dash on sledges over the ice to the inhospitable Pole. The book is a fascinating picture of perils bravely met amid appalling surroundings, and merits, as it is sure to receive, the attention of those who concern themselves with Arctic adventure.

It is to be regretted that, just after completing "Under the Lens: Social Photographs" (2 vols.: Vizetelly), Mr. E. C. Grenville Murray should have died. There can be no question that these two volumes are the work of a very clever man and shrewd observer of human nature, as it is to be seen in some social circles, at home and abroad. "Under the Lens" is distinctly amusing; but one grave fault is to be found with it. It deals largely in personalities; and the names given to male characters—we say nothing about the female—serve rather to emphasise than to disguise the identity of the persons too manifestly aimed at. That the sketches are racy, there is no denying; yet we are not surprised at the "notice" which figures prominently in the first volume, that "this book, like the author's 'Side-Lights on English Society,' has been placed in the Index Expurgatorius of Messrs. Mudie's and W. H. Smith and Sons' 'very select' circulating libraries." It ought not to be news to some people that perhaps the majority of Mr. Mudie's and Messrs. Smith's clients do not appreciate the introduction into their families of works from the realistic school. However, a baseless complaint is sometimes a happy form of advertisement. That the author of "Under the Lens" was a brilliant writer there can be no doubt; yet brilliancy is scarcely an excuse for lampooning living men and women under the flimsiest veil of fictitious nomenclature.

Miss Frances Hays has done very useful work in writing "Women of the Day; a Biographical Dictionary of Notable Contemporaries" (Chatto and Windus). In a book of the sort it is almost impossible but that omissions will occur, painful to the *amour-propre* of a few ambitious folk. Still the authoress seems to have succeeded fairly well in making "Woman of the Day" complete. The notices of each lady's life is concise, to the point, and brought up to date. The biographies are not mere compilations from books of reference; for much of the information given is about artistic and literary women who have not hitherto been honoured by having their achievements chronicled in a biographical dictionary. Miss Hays has made an appreciable and needed addition to our works of reference.

Now that the Healtheries is becoming a thing of the past it is well to have such a memorial of it as is supplied us by Mr. T. Raffles Davison in his "Gleanings from the Past and Memorials from the Present," printed at the offices of the *British Architect*. The subjects chosen for the illustrations in this well got-up volume are the costumed figures and suits of armour, illustrative of different periods in English history, from the reign of William the Conqueror to that of George IV., the streets of Old London, and the model rooms for dwelling houses. The letter-press is explanatory, and probably will give more information than was obtained by the majority of those who hurried through the crowded rooms at South Kensington.

Messrs. Ward and Lock have just published a new edition of "Beeton's Dictionary of Universal Information." The work has been carefully revised, corrected, and improved by the addition of several thousand articles. Mr. G. R. Emerson, who was entrusted with this task, appears to have performed it thoroughly well. The papers on science, natural history, machinery, and so on are brought up to date. The main objection to the book is that it is somewhat unwieldy in form, but perhaps this defect is not of great importance in a work of reference.

Messrs. Kegan Paul have published a vellum-bound volume of "Selections from the Prose Writings of Jonathan Swift." They appear to be well made, and such excisions as the editor, Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole, has deemed necessary are based on the sound principles that much of Swift's work was concerned with the politics of the day, this part having lost something of its flavour to

all but historical students; that the Dean's coarseness of illustration could not be tolerated in a book for general reading; and that his satire sometimes stings a foe who has been so long forgotten that it takes an antiquary to discover the bite. Mr. Lane-Poole draws upon all the best-known of Swift's works. His own preface deserves high praise. The style is easy and graceful, and the critique is marked by soundness of judgment. Its first sentence contains a sad truth, "It is the melancholy privilege of a classical author to be more often talked about than read; and Swift has enjoyed this distinction to the full." If Swift has suffered owing to the bulk of his writings, we may hope that this handy volume will successfully remedy the mischief.

A sensible addition to biographical literature is made in "Memoirs of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd" (Alexander Gardner). The work is edited by Hogg's daughter, Mrs. Garden, and there is a preface by Professor Veitch. The editing consists in linking together much of Hogg's correspondence, while interesting information is given about the early career of the poet. Mrs. Garden writes with natural and justifiable asperity on Lockhart's ill-tempered attack upon a dead man. It may not, perhaps, be generally known that the Ettrick Shepherd was one of the principal promoters of *Blackwood's Magazine*. We cannot forbear quoting from a letter, dated January 22, 1831, of Mr. Ruskin's father to Hogg, concerning his now famous son. "Touching my son," writes Mr. Ruskin, sen., "there are many to whom I would never name him or his pursuits; but to men of talent and of heart I find I can say many things that I dare not tell the world at large. It cannot comprehend; it has not patience, nor feeling, nor delicacy. It shall not be entrusted with my weaknesses, because I am not willing to be laughed out of them. To you I will venture to say that the youth you were kind enough to notice gives promise of very considerable talent. His faculty of composition is unbounded, without, however, any very strong indication of originality. He writes verse and prose perpetually, check him as we will. Last summer we spent four months in Switzerland and Italy, of which tour every scene is sketched in verse, or prose, or picture. I have seen productions of youth far superior and of earlier date, but the rapidity of composition is to us (unlearned in the ways of the learned) quite wonderful. He is now between fourteen and fifteen, and has indited thousands of lines. That I may not select, I send his last eighty or one hundred lines, produced in one hour, while he waited for me in the City." Apart from its intrinsic interest, this letter shows, like much else of the correspondence which Mrs. Gardner has collected, that Hogg inspired feelings of confidence and affection in those who knew him, despite a little harmless vanity, excusable surely in a rustic who suddenly emerged from obscurity to literary eminence.

"The Looking-Glass for the Mind" (Griffith, Farran, and Co.) is a reprint of the edition of this work published in 1792. It contains the original illustrations by John Bewick. The book was a translation of "L'Ami des Enfants," by M. Berquin. The first issue of the French book occurred in January, 1782, the last in December, 1783, and, as Mr. Welsh informs us in his introduction, was an immediate and immense success. The author was personally a great favourite with children, and seems to have known how to charm them still further by his simple stories, in which, in a quaint, old-fashioned, yet withal fascinating fashion, "virtue is constantly represented as the fountain of happiness, and vice as the source of every evil." Those who are what Mr. Welsh calls "Bewick enthusiasts" will find most attraction, however, in the woodcuts, of which the best are, so we are told, "Louisa and the Boy who sold the Birds," and "Mrs. Lenox and her Children, Leonora and Adolphus." The volume itself is put out of hand simply and tastefully.

Messrs. Field and Tuer have issued two works which will be appreciated by book collectors, "The Bewick Memento" and "The Dickens Memento." The former contains a "Catalogue, with Purchasers' Names and Prices realised, of the scarce and curious collection of Books, Silver Plate, &c., and Bewick Relics sold by auction in February, last year, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne." Mr. Robert Robinson writes an explanatory introduction, and the book is adorned with some original woodcuts by the father of modern wood-engraving. "The Dickens Memento" has a similar catalogue for Messrs. Christie's sale of the novelist's effects in 1870. Mr. Francis Phillimore writes the introduction here, and there are some valuable hints to Dickens collectors by John F. Dexter.

"To Kairwan the Holy" (Kegan Paul) is a gossiping narrative of somewhat uneventful travel in Tripoli and Tunis, by Alexander A. Body, with illustrations by A. F. Jacassey. The author writes in a vein of high spirits, which enlivens his work. He made many friends of all nationalities, with whom he talked much about everything, from Kairwan the Holy to the Salvation Army. The ferment of fanatic Mahomedan sentiment is evidently not confined to the Soudan, but extends over North Africa.

Of new editions we should acknowledge the receipt of a re-issue in a smaller and handy form of Her Majesty's last work, "More Leaves from the Journal of a Life in the Highlands" (Smith, Elder, and Co.), which we reviewed at length on its first appearance in December, 1883. The new edition is clearly printed, contains the various portraits published with the first issue, and will be warmly welcomed by numbers whose limited purses debarred them from purchasing the original edition.

We have also received the second edition of Mr. Charles Hindley's "History of the Cries of London" (Charles Hindley, the Younger). The book has been greatly enlarged and revised, and, with its numerous illustrations of itinerant vendors of various periods gathered from contemporaneous works, and its brightly written letterpress, forms a highly interesting chronicle of the street trades and traders of our metropolis from the time when "Green rushes" was a common cry down to the "Dust Oh!" or "All a-growing and a-blowing!" of the present day. The account of the cries of London is supplemented by a number of Catnach and other street ballads, and the whole work is a valuable addition to the already extensive literature on London Men and Manners.

Kelly's "Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes," 1885 (Kelly and Co.) has now reached its eleventh year of publication, and in a capitally condensed form contains the chief incidents in the career of all those whose lives are of public interest. Finally we have received the "Newspaper Press Directory and Advertiser's Guide for 1885" (C. Mitchell and Co.), and "James Lillywhite's Cricketer's Companion" (James Lillywhite)—both admirable books of reference.

SALMON

ANY means by which our home food supply may be increased ought surely to be a matter of interest to the ever-increasing population of our island. Farming in Britain is now said to be profitless, so that it may be reckoned that the grower of the proverbial two blades of grass where only one grew before has had his day, and that the benefactor of the future is to be he who can catch two fish where only one or none was caught before. Such, at least, may be supposed to be the meaning of the interest lately taken in our fisheries, though for none of them has anything yet been done, always excepting the Royal Salmon, for the preservation of which Parliament has passed a greater number of Acts than for all other kinds of fish put together, and scientific men have paid so much attention to the problems connected with its development that it is still shrouded in mystery, and especially when it is believed that

a fuller knowledge of its life would, in a trade sense, pay. Indeed, so remunerative have the proprietors of salmon-fishing rivers found them that they needed no exhibition to stimulate them to do their utmost to increase the number of salmon in them, while those who seldom enjoy a bite of it must have an interest in this fish, seeing they pay such an exceedingly high price for that privilege, for the good old times when apprentices wished to make it a stipulation in their indentures that salmon should not be supplied them oftener than twice a week have passed away, if they ever existed. The late Mr. Frank Buckland, who did so much for pisciculture, after many inquiries believed that they never did, except on the banks of good salmon rivers from which there were only tardy means of transit.

In order to convey some idea of the life of this fish, it is perhaps best to begin where the salmon does, viz., at the egg. The adult salmon usually ascends our British rivers during the months of October and November for the purpose of spawning, and it is astonishing what obstacles it overcomes to get a suitable place well up the river for this purpose. When such a place is found, the male, by means of its strong under-jaw, makes a shallow trough in the bed of the stream, and there the female deposits the ova, the male meantime being a few feet further up the stream giving out the fertilising milt. Here in the gravel the eggs lie dormant for a period extending from four to five months, quickening into life only in the following April or May. For artificial hatching the salmon are caught—and this, in their sickly condition, is easily done—as they ascend, and the milt and roe brought into contact in a pail, the latter on being fertilised assuming a beautiful pink colour. It is rather a strange fact, discovered by Mr. Napier of the Forth fisheries a couple of years ago, that the roe of salmon which had died of disease was, on being fertilised with fresh milt, quite capable of yielding healthy "fry." The fertilised ova on being brought to the hatchery—one of which there is now in almost every salmon-fishing district—are placed in a trough, through which clear spring water is allowed to run slowly. The time they lie dormant in the troughs varies according to the time of the year they have been deposited and the temperature and quality of the water, but it seldom exceeds one hundred and thirty days. For about two months after being hatched the "fry," for so the young salmon are at this stage named, are altogether dependent on the food in their yolk bag, and ugly little things of about half an inch in length the "fry" then are. With the disappearance of this bag it passes from the "fry" to the "parr" stage, and now from its shape it may easily be known as salmon, though the pigment with which it is now provided is arranged in bars, and these do not disappear for one or two years, according to the time it takes to be prepared for its first journey to the sea. They then are exchanged for a beautiful silvery garb, and the fish is then known as a "smolt." This smolt some time in May, either one or two years after its birth, goes to the sea, but what it does there beyond feeding no one seems able to tell, only in three months—for it returns again in August, and nearly always to the same river—it has increased its weight of from four to nine ounces to as many pounds, and is now known as a "grilse." Why one half of a brood of salmon should thus reach the smolt stage and go to the sea at the age of twelve months, while the other half takes double that time to reach the same stage, is one of the mysteries in connection with the salmon. On its way to and from the sea it stays for a few days in the brackish water at the river mouth as if to accustom itself to the change, for few fish are able to survive the change from fresh to salt water and *vice versa*. From the time it attains to the grilse stage its greatest enemy is man, who only ceases his efforts to capture it with rods, nets, &c., when compelled by the legal close time. Should the grilse manage to escape it goes up the river and deposits ova, and then at last is a salmon. When it has returned from the sea and spawned a second time it is known as a "kelt," and its flesh is now of a pale yellow colour, and so ill-flavoured that it takes all the ingenuity of a French cook to get it to pass muster as an article of diet even with those who are not epicures. After this it continues to grow, especially during the time it enjoys the plentiful food supply of the sea, though to what size is unknown: on the average probably to not more than twenty-five pounds, though occasionally prizes of double this weight are taken. Perhaps the largest ever caught in Britain was that netted in the Tay early in December last (for spawning purposes). It measured 4 ft. 11½ in. in length, and 2 ft. 5 in. in girth, and weighed eighty pounds. This is a few pounds in excess of the largest of the Canadian monsters exhibited at the Fisheries.

The great decrease in the number of salmon in British rivers within the past fifty years is attributed to their pollution by manufacturers' waste of all kinds, to the washing in them of sheep after being smeared with poisonous matter, as well as to the building of dams across them. In various ways these difficulties are being overcome, and wherever possible anything which hinders their increase is removed. Thus at the Falls of Ballindere, County Sligo, a salmon ladder has been erected, with the result that now, above what was once an impassable barrier for salmon, ten thousand of them are annually caught. Only as regards river pollution we are probably right in regarding our manufactures—even with dull trade—as of more importance than our river fisheries; but if means could be devised to let both flourish without injury to one another, a considerable help in the direction of enabling us to be our own food purveyors would be given. In this direction one or two companies are already profitably working, but the good they have as yet done is as nothing compared with that effected by hatcheries. Chief among British hatcheries is that at Howietoun—the property of Sir James Gibson Maitland—where six million ova can be hatched annually, and from which ova had been sent even to New Zealand, and fry to very many British rivers. Here it is found that from the twenty-seven thousand ova found in an ordinary twenty-pound salmon, twenty-six thousand "fry" can be produced, and from these there is no difficulty in rearing twenty thousand salmon. On the other hand, it is calculated that not more than thirty-five per cent. of the ova deposited in the river "redds" ever become parr.

The only disadvantage of hatching seems to be that when the artificially-hatched ones get to the river they do not seem to take the least care to escape from their numerous enemies, chief of which is the voracious trout, the dipper, or water ouzel, and the heron, while those born in the river hide from their enemies among the gravel. It is when the product of such famous salmon rivers as the Sacramento and Columbia are compared that we can best see the result of hatcheries. On the former there are hatcheries, and as a consequence the catch has in five years been trebled, and two or three years ago all the canneries on that river had more fish than they could use, while on the latter there is no hatchery, and the decrease in the catch has been so noticeable that the proprietors of the canneries on it have been making proposals to establish some.

To give some idea of the mysterious salmon disease which has wrought so much havoc in English and Scotch rivers, we can do no better than quote the opinion of Professor Huxley, who, as Inspector of the Salmon Fisheries of England and Wales, has given much attention to this subject. He says: "It is to be assigned to a large and constantly increasing class of diseases which are caused by parasitical organisms. It is a contagious and infectious disease of the same order as ringworm in the human subject, muscardine among silkworms, and the potato disease among plants, and like them, is the work of a minute fungus." This minute fungus is in scientific language known as *saprolegnia ferax*, which is so terribly productive that "the two square feet of diseased skin to be found on a large

fully diseased salmon will give off a daily produce of ten million spores, and forty such fish would yield a crop sufficient to supply one spore to the gallon for all the water of the Thames which flows over Teddington Weir in a day."

A. P.



THERE are several weddings on the *tapis* for this month, and some very pretty toilettes have been prepared by our leading dressmakers, amongst which may be mentioned a bridal dress of the richest white satin, with a tablier of pearl beaded net in a handsome design of grapes and vine leaves: on the skirt four very narrow pleated frills of lace, long square train of broadcated silk, sprays and bouquets of real orange blossom, myrtle, and lilies of the valley; tulle veil, entirely covering the weaver, and falling at the back in ample folds over the train, fastened with diamond and pearl butterflies. The bridesmaids' dresses were of coffee-coloured lace skirts—four over very pale blue, and four over shrimp-pink Surah; lace bodices to the throat, where they were gathered into narrow blue or pink velvet bands embroidered, the former in seed pearls and silver, the latter in gold thread and beads. The most striking part of their attire was low kid bodices made with long points back and front, edged with deep basques of silver and gold lace; high pointed bonnets of lace, with silver and gold aigrettes, and small bouquets of real spring flowers.—Kid bodices look very well on good figures for the first three or four times wearing, that is to say, if they are of the best quality, but for faulty figures they are most trying, speedily wrinkling and fraying. Sad was the plight of a young matron, whose figure was somewhat stout: she left her dressing-room in a black kid bodice fitting to perfection, but very soon it began to crack all over, and here and there were long rents. We advise our prudent readers to carefully eschew kid bodices. Another bridal dress was of cream Sicilienne poplin, with a long train, and a tablier of old Irish point lace, tulle veil, with a deep lace border to match. The bridesmaids' dresses were of Imperial crape, a material which has almost superseded nun's veiling, as it drops more softly; round the hem was a deep border of gold embroidery in an Assyrian design, waistcoat, cuffs, and collar to match, small gold and white net bonnets with humming birds and fancy butterflies. The bride's mother's dress was of a beautiful shade of copper-coloured plush; the back arranged in graceful folds; the tablier was of dead gold brocade, outlined in bright gold thread; bonnet to match. A costume to be worn at this wedding was of mulberry-coloured velvet, with a waistcoat, collar, cuffs, and muff of grebe, a fur which is very fashionable in Paris; velvet and grebe bonnet.

In consequence of the numerous orders given by the Queen for Irish poplins for the Princess Beatrice's wedding trousseau, that material will be much worn this season; it was coming into favour last year, but now is positively revived. Some of the new shades are very charming in bronze greens, copper, browns, blues, and greys, stones, plum, and claret, in fine and thick cords, plain and figured. For this month tailor-made gowns and jackets are very popular in cloth, military, frogged, and braided, trimmed with Astrakhan or velvet, or made severely plain. A speciality which has stood the test of time is "velluto," which is quite the next-kin to silk velvet, so soft and pliable, and so moderate in price. This material is very suitable for children's frocks and pelisses, and also for the stay-made bodices and Swiss belts which are so much worn by young girls with muslin, lace, or tulle dresses.

A pleasing novelty for spring wear is *Crêpe Mauresque*, which is a washing material, plain and figured, a reproduction of old Moorish raiments.

Another revival is *mousseline de laine*: on cream, blotting-paper, or grey grounds, are most exquisite floral designs *après Nature*; groups of violets and leaves, honeysuckle, ferns in green and brown, forget-me-nots, &c. Prettiest among pretty materials is silk zephyr, shot in two colours; it washes well and keeps its colours fast; it makes very useful and stylish morning dresses for the spring.

Another material of the same style is tufted zephyr, which has small coloured dots on a self-coloured ground. Stripes, small and great, will be much worn this season. On a canvas ground of plain pure wool are chenille and *chiné* stripes in conventional designs. None but the slightest and trimmest of figures would look well in these combinations.

It is noteworthy to see the number of people in mourning this season, for, irrespective of the bereavements caused by the Egyptian war, death has been more than usually busy amongst us. Although crape is not so profusely used as formerly it has not yet gone out of fashion for dress occasions, especially for widows' and parents' mourning. But for the morning and general use plain serge, trimmed with the same material made up in kiltings and drapery, with dull black bone buttons, is considered quite deep mourning. The "Crêpe Imperial," introduced some time ago by a well-known West End *maison de dévêt*, has proved a great success, and is used for entire costumes and mantles as well as for trimmings; it is all wool, and yet closely resembles real crape in its crinkly appearance, whilst it will bear damp and rain without being in the least injured. We have worn the "Crêpe Imperial," and can answer for its durability. When made up in kiltings or heavy folds they should be mounted on merinos or alpaca, as this material is not quite strong enough to bear a very heavy strain. A very nice and durable material, which may be worn in or out of mourning, is "Janus Cord," both sides of which are alike, which is a great recommendation, especially for young people and children. Oban cloth is a very pretty material, both for mourning and in a variety of colours. For evening wear there are grenadines in great variety, canvas grounds with beaded floral designs or satin stripes; this material is very inexpensive, and requires no trimming beyond the fabric itself and white tulle or net quilting. Black or white Brussels nets are much worn this season for mourning, trimmed with jet and crystal beads or with lace. Small satin bodices, low or half high, cut square, are sometimes made quite plain, and certainly they enhance the beauty of white shoulders, but at the same time have an unfinished appearance, as though some part of the toilette had been forgotten. Zouave jackets of black net richly embroidered in jet have a very stylish effect, and are particularly becoming to slim figures; they also look well in white with crystal beads.—A very useful addition to the toilette as a protection from the biting sharp winds when leaving the theatre or ball-room is the Spanish mantilla, made in blonde-grenade needle run. When gracefully draped over the head and shoulders this elegant wrap is equally becoming to blonde or brunette; for evening *fêtes* the mantilla is especially appropriate, as, with a natural rose fastening it on the left shoulder, and a companion rose nestling amongst the plaits or curls above the left ear, forms a most coquettish head-dress. As yet there is no decided fashion for spring mantles, therefore we shall leave them until next month.

Bonnets and hats are, as a rule, worn very high. We are glad to find that flowers which were tabooed in the winter, or made of gigantic size, and resembling more a nightmare than a thing of beauty, are now made faithful copies from Nature, no longer massed at the top of the head, but arranged sparingly and with studied carelessness; grasses, known and unknown, are intermingled with



1.—They Watch the Hare Grow Smaller by Degrees and Beautifully Less.



2.—The Doctor is Nearly Over.

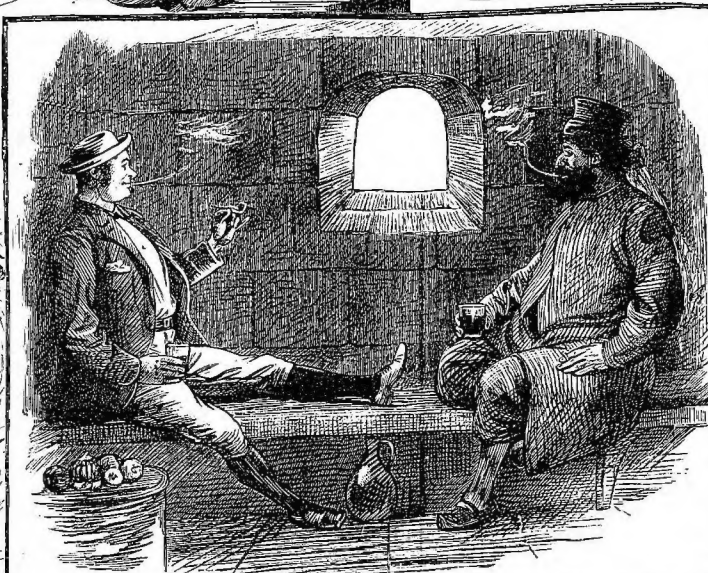
3.—Next the Paper Leads to a Marsh and a Water Buffalo



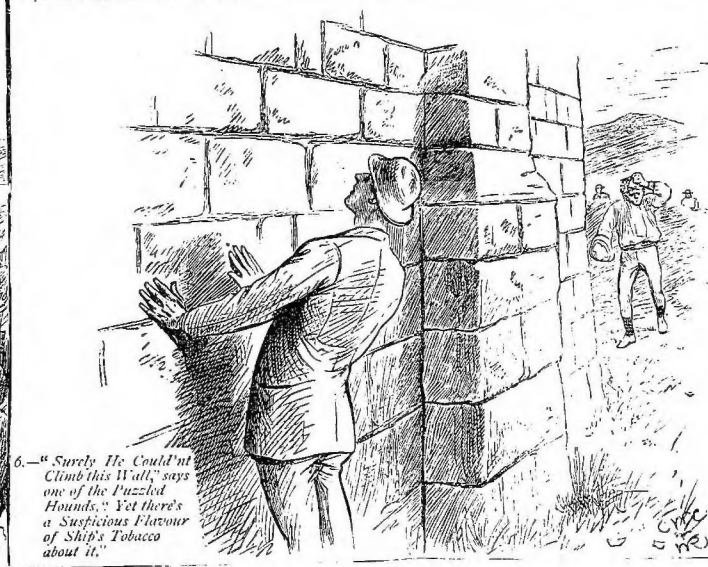
4.—The Meltzer Interprets that the Albanian has shot at the "Hare" (Thinking He was a Malefactor), Believes He has Wounded Him and Effects a Reward.



5.—The Energy of the Hounds Puzzles the Turks.



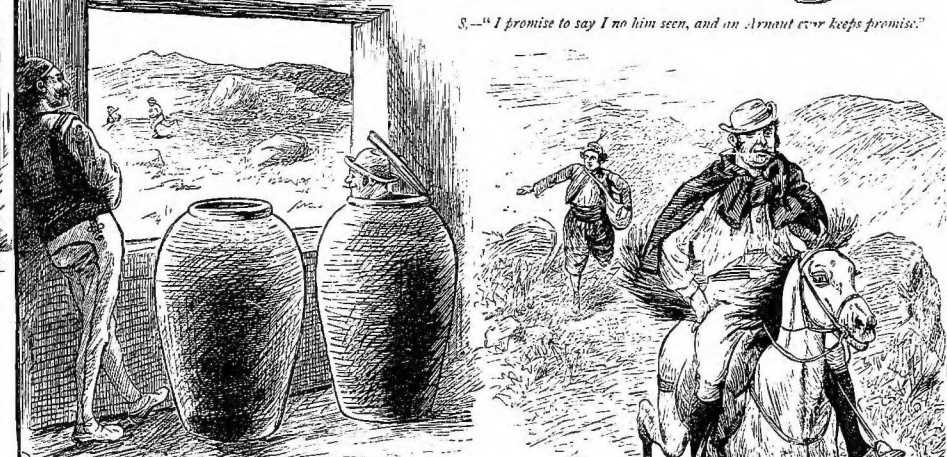
6.—The Hare had, however, been Hauled Up, and was Comfortably Fraternising with a Greek Priest.



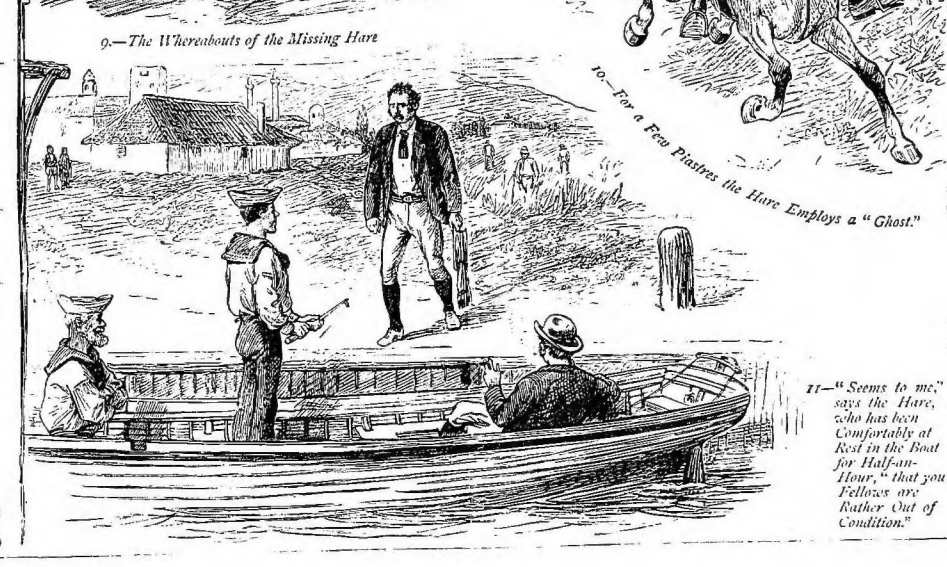
7.—"Surely He Could not Climb this Wall," says one of the Puzzled Hounds. "Yet there's a Suspicious Flavour of Ship's Tobacco about it."



8.—"I promise to say I no him seen, and an Arnaud ever keeps promise."



9.—The Whereabouts of the Missing Hare



10.—For a Few Piastres the Hare Employs a "Ghost."

11.—"Seems to me," says the Hare, who has been comfortably at Rest in the Boat for Half-an-Hour, "that you Fellows are Rather Out of Condition."

quilling of pearly, silvered, or gilded lace, that does not, in our opinion, add to the elegance of the *tout ensemble*, which is much more refined when the floral blossoms are mixed with cream, ficelle, or pearl-white lace or blonde. Drawn net and tulle bonnets are amongst the most recent revivals.

Talking of high-peaked bonnets, to long, thin faces they are most unbecoming; it is always possible to modify them by a bend here and a bow there, which will tide over the difficulty. Some few courageous people who defy the edicts of fashion still wear the small capotes which suit them.

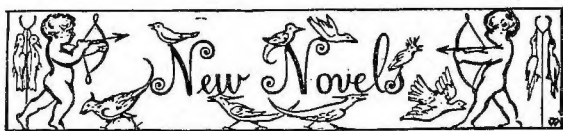
The colour most popular for this season is green, in a numerous variety of shades—bluish, yellowish, and brownish—the subtle combinations and gradations of which are known only to artists.



W. CZERNY.—Nos. 55 and 56 of "W. Czerny's Collection of Ladies' Choruses" for three voices, are "Village Wedding" and "The Smiling Dawn;" both are bright and sparkling, well suited for breakings-up at schools.—Two songs out of the ordinary groove, music by Edouard Marlois, are "Flowers Beyond the Stars," for a soprano of medium compass, words by J. S. Lyons, and "Mai Tout en Fleurs," a graceful poem, by Victor Hugo; a tenor with a sweet voice and a fair knowledge of French may make a good effect with this song.—Messrs. E. Oxenford and G. Money have written and composed two very good songs; the one for a soprano, "From First to Last," the other for a mezzo-soprano, "Loving for Ever."—A showy little song, published in A flat and in F, is "Bird of Balm Woodlands" ("Adieu, Adieu, Bonheur"), music by J. B. Weckerlin, words freely adapted from the French by W. Czerny.—A very useful addition to the schoolroom repertoire for advanced pupils is "Czerny's Original and Complete Edition of Major and Minor Scales in Double Notes." They include from double thirds to double octaves for the pianoforte, with an addenda of all major and minor chords.—"Repose," a sketch for the pianoforte, by Berthold Tours, is worthy of commendation. This piece is also arranged for the violin or violoncello, with a pianoforte accompaniment.—Useful pieces for the pianoforte are "Canzona," by J. Raff; "La Valse des Abeilles," by Oscar Wagner; "Viola" (*danse gracieuse*), by Mme. Schröter; and "Fragments Favoris de la Chaconne Célèbre," de J. S. Bach, transcribed for the piano by D. Brocca, who has also transcribed the same selection for violin and pianoforte.

MESSRS. W. J. WILLCOCKS AND CO.—Two songs of a martial character are respectively "Missing," written and composed by J. Stewart and Frederick F. Rogers: subject, a hero of modern times; whilst "King and Crown," a Roundhead song, is written and composed by H. S. Vince and Allan Macbeth. A brace of comic songs of a very ordinary type, lacking in genuine fun and wit, are "Little Sally Waters; or, the Babies in Our Row," written by Edward Harrigan, symphonies and accompaniments by John Crook, and "Cripps, the Marine"—ten verses which would provoke more yawns than laughter. W. C. Levey has done the best he could in "The Babes' Quadrilles" on melodies sung in the burlesque which bears that name. "Les Comédiens Waltz," by C. J. Taylor, are of the same feeble type as the above; their attraction consists in the frontispiece, which contains portraits of all the leading comedians of the day. J. Massinet has arranged the minuet from the *opéra comique*, "Manon," very pleasingly. Two pieces which will take a fair position in the schoolroom are "L'Amour," a *danse caprice* by Thomas W. Charles, and "Adelaide," a *valse de concert* by C. J. Grey.

MESSRS. PATEY AND WILLIS.—A very important addition has been made to our church musical departments by the publication of "The National Book of Hymn Tunes, Chants, and Kyries," which contain upwards of 1,000 compositions never before published, edited by William A. Jefferson, who has shown much discretion in executing his task. In his preface the editor says that it was his original intention to provide a supplement to existing hymnaries and chant books which should consist exclusively of new and original contributions from the pens of living composers; but in consequence of the large quantity of valuable material, which was placed at his disposal by the most eminent Church composers of the day, he determined to enlarge the scope and aim of the work in such a manner that, whilst it can be used as a supplement to all existing works, it at the same time consists of a complete Tune, Chant, and Kyrie book, and can be used independently in choirs or congregations, where it may be deemed desirable or necessary to use one book only. The list of contributors to this work numbers 157, and includes the majority of our best known and some less famous composers. The indices are remarkably well arranged. There are five of them, which will greatly assist organists and choir masters in the choice of tunes, &c., and save much time. We cordially recommend this work to all who are interested in Church music.



DR. HERMANN SCHMID, the author of "The Chancellor of the Tyrol," translated from the German by D. Roberts (2 vols. : Fisher Unwin), is stated to have discovered his historical materials while engaged in writing his work—a not very intelligible proceeding, which will help to confuse the reader's mind as to how much is fact and how much fiction. The subject of this semi-history, or semi-romance, is Dr. Wilhelm Biener, Chancellor of the Tyrol during its temporary separation from Austria in the seventeenth century. Considered as history, it would have been doubtless valuable if it had been written as such, and all fictitious colour and incident avoided. As it stands, it is of no value in this respect, but it affords an admirable picture of Court life and politics, rendered the more complete, effective, and dramatic for the small but sufficient stage on which they are displayed. Personal character of course has a large share in the development of civil and ecclesiastical complications. The Tyrolean valleys are being disturbed by the new faith: the Chancellor and the Jesuits carry on the war between Church and State; and there is a strong crisis in the abdication of the heroic and high-souled Duchess Claudia, the Regent, and the premature reign of her flighty and pleasure-loving son. The mutual love between the Duchess and the Chancellor, which both find too strong to conceal but which both conquer for what they consider the highest motives, affords some really fine scenes that might be well transferred to the stage. All the characters, numerous and various as they are, have a remarkable individuality, and are depicted vividly in a few strong touches exceedingly rare as coming from a German hand. Perhaps the best feature of the work is its display of the close relation between the infinitely great and the infinitely small and mean. The translation is adequate: but there are some singular slovenlinesses, especially in the matter of classical allusions and references, for which, in default of proof, it would not be fair to blame the German author.

"The Prettiest Woman in Warsaw," by Mabel Collins (3 vols.: Ward and Downey), is not the less interesting for being exaggerated and improbable. Nor is it the less improbable for being, as the authoress suggests, founded upon real incidents and the characters of real persons. Why in the world anybody should have identified her Polish actress with Madame Modjeska is one of the curiosities of the personality craze: but it seems that this has been done, and that Mabel Collins thinks it worth while to give the rumour a sharp but good-humoured denial. The improbabilities are obviously not due to fact—such as the existence of any English family with such royal views concerning *mésalliance* as the Denes. A good deal of the melodramatic business is rendered admissible, from a theatrical point of view, from its scene being laid in the neighbourhood of Jassy, and amid conditions of almost mediæval barbarism—the contrast between these and our every-day Western Society being decidedly effective. Altogether there is a great deal that is fresh about the novel, and the authoress maintains her capacity for portraying the abnormal and the *bizarre*. Moreover she has gained in picturesqueness by prudent suppression of her original tendency to mystical psychology.

It is scarcely needful to discuss the characteristics of "Colville of the Guards," by James Grant (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett). One recent novel by the author of "The Romance of War" is very like another—a fact that his numerous readers will be pleased to be told holds good in the present instance. We have the same officer and gentleman as of old for a hero, the same charming girl, of old Scottish descent, whom he loves, the same cowardly villain, and the same simple enthusiasm that long ago made the name of James Grant dear to the heart of boys and girls, young and old. And we have also the same equally simple trick of interlarding his story with prodigious platitudes, honestly quoted as if they were pearls of wisdom and sentiment. Besides a most adventurous love story, the novel tells the story of the murder of Sir Louis Cavanaugh, and tells it well.

The story of "Graab," by Ellen Barker, M.C.P. (1 vol.: Remington and Co.), is, to say the least, as original as its title. A British officer, under the *nom de plume* of Britannicus, and his illegitimate son by an Indian Princess, under that of Asiaticus, both equally unconscious of their relationship, wage a controversy in the newspapers on the subject of the Ilbert Bill. Finally Britannicus crushes his opponent, and even drives him to suicide, and to bequeathing his body to the surgeons of University College Hospital for dissection. But this is but a meagre description of a work mainly made up of political lectures, chiefly on Free and Fair Trade, of statistics in ruled columns, and of extracts from the *Times*. There is also some exceedingly odd criticism on Sir Frederick Leighton's "Cymon and Iphigenia," *à propos* of nothing whatever. Ellen Barker, M.C.P., evidently feels very strongly about the affairs of the world, and has liberated her soul in what is probably the most hopelessly unreadable novel ever penned.

"Mated with a Clown," by Lady Constance Howard (1 vol.: F. V. White and Co.), is the story of a young lady so ill advised as to marry, for his money, a man whose least touch was so odious to her that she had nearly to rub the skin off her beautiful arms with soap and water before she could get rid of the sensation. Lady Constance Howard is quite right in giving her what she richly deserves—an exceedingly bad time with her "Clown," and the discovery that her rightful lover turned out to be rich and titled after all. Then ensue singular bigamous complications. She, believing the Clown dead, marries her first love: but, fortunately for her, the Clown himself had a wife living and undivorced when he married the lady with the beautiful arms. And, in the end, the Clown really died in the odour of repentance, leaving legacies of 30,000*l.* a year with prodigal profusion, and yet enabling the lady to come into a large fortune as residuary legatee. The novel is decidedly of the silly and slipshod sort, with plenty of stock sentiment, and numerous allusions to exceedingly appropriate drawing-room ballads, and is therefore likely to have considerable popularity.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

AN unusually good modern play is "Anne Boleyn," a tragedy in six acts, by M. L. Tyler (Kegan Paul). It contains passages of true poetry, sometimes rising to a high standard, the plot is capably worked out, and the characters, especially that of the heroine, are lifelike, and true to historical record. Anne's weak, ambitious nature is well shown, but she loses something of our sympathy by the way in which she casts her love for Percy, and every other consideration, to the winds, in order to grasp her adulterous prize, notwithstanding her loathing for the King himself. Her soliloquy in prison strikes us as being vastly above the average:—

All is still,
And, in the night, the creeping, white-robed frost
Hath stolen round, and left a gleaming sheen
His silent footmarks. Bars across these bars!
Ah, me! a spider wove them,—light as air,
And all impalpable as air itself,—
From bar to bar that makes my prison sure,
Her slender webs:—and this same ghastly frost
Came dancing on them in the silent night,
Brooding upon them, all the while I slept,
Growing upon them in the mist, until
Th' invisible has gathered shape and form,
And thinnest filaments are car-ropes! Thus,
Ah, thus, even so, my little foolish faults,
Which erst were scarcely visible to him
In the broad sunshine of his blazing love,
Now, in the winter of his hate and rage,
Take form and substance,—hang around my soul,
Weigh on my frail life-thread, that it must snap!

Other good passages are Wyatt's passionate appeal to Anne in the second act, Mistress Saville's prophetic vision, and Smeaton's ravings in Act V.—a fine piece of crazy denunciation. Of course, as they at present stand, the speeches are much too long for a modern audience, but, if judiciously abridged, the tragedy might be effective on the stage. By the bye, we may be wrong, but were "eschcoltzius" introduced into England so early as the sixteenth century?

From Messrs. Wyman and Sons come two volumes of verse which may possibly have amused their writers, but can hardly be expected to give pleasure to anybody else. The former of these, "Dudley Castle, &c.," by Edward White Bewley, is simply silly, with alternate attempts at comic and forcible writing—it is a question which is the more depressing. The latter is a portentously long attempt to write octosyllables—as great a failure as such attempts generally are—entitled "Gustavus Adolphus," by F. P. Swinburne, but there is nothing in it worthy of note, except that it is an illustrated and costly-bound quarto, which reflects great credit on the publishers.

We have also to notice from Messrs. Longmans "The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri," translated verse for verse from the original into *terza rima* by James Innes Minchin; the work seems to have been carefully done, and copious notes will assist the student, though we wish they had been relegated to an appendix—foot-notes only serve to distract the reader.

From Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. come two little plays intended for performance by schoolgirls, "The True Story of Catherine Parr" and "How the First Queen of England was Wooed and Won," both by Elsa d'Estre-Keeling; we should doubt their finding much favour. We should rather like to know how the ghost of Anne of Cleves contrived to appear to Henry VIII.,

since the poor Queen was alive and able to change her religious views at Mary's accession. And it is deeply interesting to learn that not books only, but even Christmas cards, were staple commodities of the market-place at Lille in the eleventh century.

We warmly recommend to all lovers of genuine sacred poetry "Vanished Faces, and Other Poems," by Jane Besmeres (Nisbet). The verse is really good, and the poems breathe a spirit of sincere piety without the slightest taint of mawkishness or goody-goodness. "The Joy of Incompleteness" is very good, and still better, to our thinking, is the following:—

Let us be tender, then, with one another,
Yet of our selves be judges true and stern,
So, holding forth the light, an erring brother
May from the ways of wretchedness return.

Mr. Herman Charles Merivale may be considered to have scored a genuine success in "Florien: a Tragedy, in Five Acts, and Other Poems" (Remington). The play is a good one, not only a poem with some strikingly fine passages, but a dramatic piece calculated to keep an audience enthralled from first to last. The unhappy heroine, who bursts on the world of London in James I.'s reign as a rich and beautiful lady of fashion, is really the wife and tool of a notorious highwayman, Rufus Hardy, who uses her to further his nefarious schemes. She falls in love with Roy Mallet, a goldsmith's apprentice, and, almost unwittingly, proves his ruin, dying at last by his hand, whilst he is left to the hangman. The play is highly original, though some may be reminded of Lillo and Sir Walter Scott, and we should greatly like to see it on the boards. It is nonsense, in the face of such a piece, to complain of there being no good dramatists in our time. We should select as amongst the best passages the scene (Act II.) in which the miserable woman turns upon her betrayer, Roy's speech just before his master's murder, "The moon is rising, clear and pitiless," and, best of all, Florien's apostrophe to her lover, beginning "And thou thyself art dearer to me, boy." The Robin Hood song, too, is capital. Of the miscellaneous poems we prefer "A Lost Warning" and "The Lay of the Lifeboat;" but all are good.

A sumptuously-published volume, with nothing much besides its appearance to recommend it, is "The Dream to Come, and Other Poems," by William Hunt (Sampson Low). We really cannot make out what the verses are about, except that it would seem as if somebody murdered the writer's bride, and he went crazy—the poems certainly seem to favour the latter hypothesis. The illustrations, with one exception, are exquisite; we withhold the name of the artist who produced the ghastly, eyeless mask of a woman, labelled "A face that I cannot forget," because his other work is so good. *Forget it!* We should think not, indeed! We never saw anything like it, except in the worst of nightmares!

From Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. comes a beautiful little reprint from the first folio of "Mr. William Shakespeare's Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet." The size is handy, both type and paper are all that the most fastidious could desire, and the low price, eighteenpence, brings the dainty little volume within the reach of all.

We can say but little for "A Child Fantasy, and Other Poems," by Nelson Rich Tyerman (Elliot Stock). The chief piece has a false ring somehow; it is not child-like in the least, and has about as much of the true spirit of pastoral as Ford or Ambrose Phillips. Some of the minor pieces are after Swinburne and Rossetti—a considerable distance; and really, if the author cannot concoct his lines without torturing the language to attain his ends, we can dispense with his efforts, *e.g.*:—

Like a blithe bird that 'mong the *blossmy* bowers
Fliteth, aye carolling his happy cheer . . .

Probably Mr. Tyerman meant to say "blossoming," but couldn't get it into the line; but surely some other epithet might have served. And we are so tired of the exaggerated *culte* of Victor Hugo, &c.

There is a great deal to admire, and comparatively little to blame, in "Ethelwold: an Idyll," by Alice Maud Meadows (H. M. Pollett and Co., 42 to 48 Fann Street, E.C.). and if it be, as we imagine, a first attempt, the author need not despair of hereafter making her modest literary mark. The story, which is well told, is of course the old one of Edgar's faithless courtier and the fair Elfrida; and, if Miss Meadows fails to reach the heights of romantic narration, she is often within an ace of writing powerfully—as in the scene of the king's death—and is always agreeable, though a little more care in the construction of her lines might at times be desired, *e.g.* "Sweet, be my wife" (p. 14), or "He groaned aloud" (p. 31). As will be guessed from the sub-title, the poem is modelled on the Laureate's chivalric style, and it has evidently been carefully thought and worked out.

We have to acknowledge from Messrs. Remington and Co. the fifth part of "In the Watches of the Night. Poems, in Eighteen Volumes," by Mrs. Horace Dobell. It is called "Eyes of Darkness," and the principal impression which the verses leave on the mind is that the author must at one time have possessed an extremely unpleasant circle of acquaintance.

A very dainty little volume is "The Poetical Works of John Keats; Reprinted from the Original Editions," with notes by Francis T. Palgrave (Macmillan). It is not, of course, exhaustive, but the selection has been well made, and some practically new readings will interest lovers of the poet, even if they are not always acceptable. The notes, for the most part, are good, but surely nobody needs to be told the meaning of the heraldic *gules*, and there is an air of super-subtlety in the remarks on Merlin, since the meaning of the passage is sufficiently obvious. A general index of titles, in addition to that of first lines, would have been an improvement.

The general idea of "The Banquet: a Political Satire" (Blackwood), is good, and on the whole is well carried out, though it might be questioned how far blank verse lends itself fittingly to satirical poetry. In a future Utopian state of the municipality, the then Lord Mayor gives a political dinner of a most all-embracing character, since even Mr. Bradlaugh is invited and toasted, not to mention other celebrities and notoriety. Every guest so honoured is provided with a metrical reply embodying his peculiar views, and supposed to be written by either Lord Tennyson or Mr. Swinburne; some of these parodies of well-known poems are very good, but taken altogether they are somewhat unequal. "St. Stephen's Revisited" is decidedly clever, and so is "A Monologue in Downing Street," put into the mouth of the Premier. The author, in a brief preface, disclaims any intention of wounding Hibernian susceptibilities.

"Listen! Poems for the Children's Hour," by J. E. Panton (Wells Gardner), is a pretty little illustrated volume of original verses for the young; its great drawback seems to us to be that most of the poems are far too advanced for the audience to whom they are supposed to appeal. Some of them have, it appears, been set to music by Viscountess Folkestone.

It is impossible to award much praise to "Saint Isadora: and Other Poems," by Jeanie Morison (Simpkin, Marshall); the author, whom we remember pleasantly in less ambitious flights, has over-rated her powers. She evidently feels intensely the beautiful legend with which her chief poem deals, and shows a good deal of dramatic power in her delineations of the Nilotic religious, male and female; but here, and almost throughout the volume, all is marred by careless or eccentric treatment. Such inversions as those in the lines at the end of page 15 are not to be permitted for the sake of getting the words within the required compass, and the same remark may apply to the omission of minor parts of speech for the same purpose. Perhaps the lyrical pieces are the most satisfactory.

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CLEANSES A DOZEN PERFECTLY.

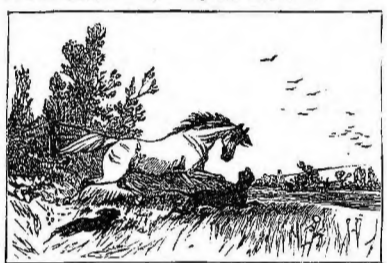
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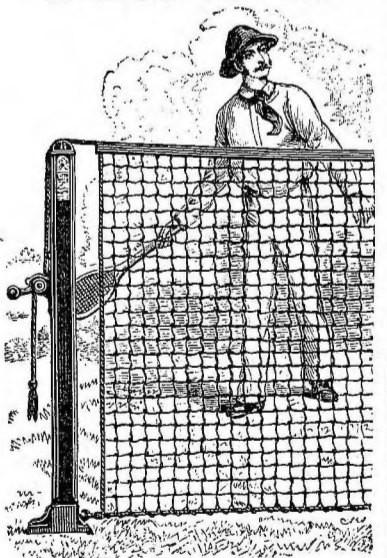


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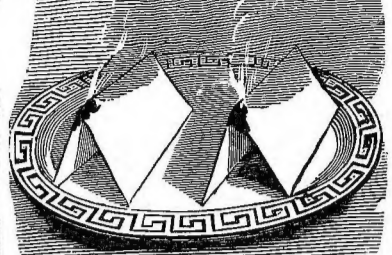
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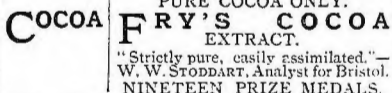
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